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**MEN
WOMEN AND
MARRIAGE**

-

by the same author

SPEAKING AFTER DINNER

with illustrations by

Barbara Moray Williams

**THE LIGHTER SIDE OF
LOCAL GOVERNMENT**

with illustrations by

John Reynolds

MEN WOMEN AND MARRIAGE

A PECULIAR ANTHOLOGY

selected and arranged

by

C. KENT WRIGHT

Town Clerk of Stoke Newington

with a Foreword

by

SIR SEYMOUR HICKS

and with illustrations

by

ELISE LINDSLEY-SIMS

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TO MY WIFE

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WOKING

FOREWORD

WELL, here's a jolly book! -

The very thing needed in these hectic times of nerve-rack and alarming headlines. I fancy that, had Shakespeare lived to-day, he would have made Hamlet a Prince of Newspaper Proprietors and, perching him upon the battlements of Elsinore, would have written him either a soliloquy commencing

To bomb, or not to bomb: that is the question:

or given him a speech to Polonius in which the moody Dane would have explained that, although there is no reason why a dictator should not be a genius, there is every reason why he should not be a gangster. Now, Mr. Kent Wright has given us

MEN, WOMEN AND MARRIAGE

in which there will be found a hundred antidotes for the jitters.

It must not be thought, however, that he has prescribed only laughter that has "birth in the belly" to cure this fashionable complaint, for between the covers of his enjoyable book he lulls us into forgetfulness of things "may be to come" with wit and wisdom. For this we offer him a thousand "thank you's," being grateful beyond words for the

pleasant educational uplift he has so brilliantly compiled and placed within our reach.

To have seen life through the eyes of Corot and the heart of Gissing is satisfying and delightful, and those who have done so would no doubt have rested well content had not their attention been directed to the store of knowledge which this book contains—a store from which may be culled epigrams to enliven the dullest dinner-party and wisdom so necessary for the unsophisticated conversationalist to place himself on intellectual equality with those who glory in the fact that they are thought to be profound.

THANK YOU, MR. KENT WRIGHT!

SEYMOUR HICKS

PREFACE

THIS is a scrap-book of stories and quotations which have interested or amused me. They are drawn from many sources, ranging from the classics to the contemporary Press.

My anthology is intended to be a gallimaufry—a hotch-potch of good sense and nonsense—and I make no apology for the varied assortment of quotations which are included in it. Possibly my readers may sustain an occasional shock from the sudden transitions from the sublime to the ridiculous. They may be somewhat surprised, for instance, to find Sir Thomas Browne jostling with Mr. Nathaniel Gubbins, Jane Austen cheek by jowl with Stevie Smith, Homer and Theocritus with Don Marquis and Damon Runyon. But this is an age of shocks, and they must bear these minor concussions as best they can! Those who do read my book will at best find it, I hope, a welcome respite from the ruder shocks which we suffer from week to week at the hands of the dictators, from the contemplation of wars and rumours of wars, and from the many lugubrious subjects which loom so large in our distracted world of to-day.

When I was a boy, I went through most of the recognized stages of the collector—from stamps and birds' eggs to shells and cigarette cards and "curiosities" of all kinds. The collector's instinct persists in

middle age, but it is directed chiefly to an arresting phrase, an amusing anecdote or epigram, or to passages in prose or verse which, when read and re-read, do not lose their appeal. In fact, I derive as much pleasure to-day from the discovery of an apt *mot* or a witty repartee as I did, when I was twelve, from finding some rare shell or the nest of a spotted fly-catcher! Even reading *A Pamphlet Against Anthologies*, that fierce diatribe by Robert Graves and Laura Riding, did not cure me of the habit. I expect that a psycho-analyst would find something rather shame-making about it, or would explain it away as some form of arrested adolescence. But I shall not consult one.

What criterion have I adopted in choosing my quotations? Simply that I like them. That is the only criterion on which an anthologist can work. Of course, I like them for all kinds of reasons. I chose my quotations from Wilde and "Saki" for their wit, those from Dr. Johnson and Bernard Shaw for their combination of wit and sound sense, those from Jane Austen because she is Jane Austen, those from Sir Thomas Browne and Dean Mansel for their mellifluous prose, those from Keats for his intense and passionate sincerity—and all of them because they had some connection, however remote, with men, women, or marriage. The title of my anthology has, at least, this great advantage—that it is wide enough to give me a very wide discretion in my choice. *Quidquid agunt homines, nostri farrago libelli est.*

After my task was finished and I had read such a diversity of opinions about men, women and marriage that, like Kipling's Jaguar, I hardly knew whether I stood on my head or my painted tail,—I must regretfully confess that my ignorance about them all is still profound—particularly about women. In fact, I can sympathize with Sir Seymour Hicks's poignant *cri de coeur*: "No man living knows more about women than I do, *and I know nothing!*"

C. K. W.

March 1939

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

FOR permission to include in this anthology the copyright material from books referred to in the following list, I wish to offer grateful thanks to the authors (or their executive or literary representatives), and to the publishers. If, through inadvertence, there are any omissions from this list, I should like to offer my sincere apologies to the authors or publishers concerned.

<i>Author</i>	<i>Book</i>	<i>Publisher</i>
Sir Austen Chamberlain	Down the Years	Cassell & Co. Ltd.
G. K. Chesterton	Heretics The Napoleon of Notting Hill George Bernard Shaw Orthodoxy	John Lane & Son Ltd.
Clarence Day	Life with Father	Alfred Knopf Inc.
Edna Ferber	Show Boat	William Heinemann Ltd.
A. P. Herbert	Misleading Cases in the Common Law The Trials of Topsy	Messrs. Methuen & Co. Ltd.
Andrew Lang	Theocritus, Bion and Moschus	Macmillan & Co. Ltd.
Margaret M. Leigh Don Marquis	Highland Homespun Archie's Life of Mehitabel	G. Bell & Son Ltd. Faber & Faber Ltd.
H. L. Mencken	In Defence of Women	Alfred Knopf Inc.
H. H. Munro ("Saki")	Collected Works	John Lane The Bod- ley Head Ltd.

<i>Author</i>	<i>Book</i>	<i>Publisher</i>
Sean O'Casey	The Plough and the Stars	Macmillan & Co. Ltd.
Lord Oxford and Asquith	Memories and Reflections	Cassell & Co. Ltd.
Eileen Power	Medieval People	Methuen & Co. Ltd.
V. Sackville West	Pepita	The Hogarth Press
Stevie Smith	Novel on Yellow Paper	Jonathan Cape Ltd.
Cecil Torr	Small Talk at Weyland	Cambridge University Press
A. S. Turberville (Editor)	Johnson's England	The Oxford University Press

I am especially grateful to Mr. George Bernard Shaw for his kind permission to include a quotation from *Pygmalion*, and another from one of his letters to Ellen Terry; to Princess Antoine Bibesco for allowing me to quote some of her witty and penetrating aphorisms; to Mr. Nathaniel Gubbins for allowing me to include a brief quotation from "Sitting on the Fence"—the most amusing column in contemporary journalism; and to Mr. Vyvyan Beresford Holland for his permission to quote certain epigrams of Oscar Wilde, of which he owns the copyright.

C. K. W.

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I. MEN

He is vicious, hard and vain,
Always striking some new pose,
Ugly, lying, cracked of brain,—
So, at least, say all his foes.

He is virtue's gleaming light,
Generous with his dividends,
Handsome, mirthful, very bright,
So at least say all his friends.

This is all you ever can
Learn of any mortal man.

R. S. H.

Man has had a great career, so far; but his nearest cousins, the anthropoid apes, have been conspicuous failures; there are only three kinds of them left, and they are in danger of extinction.

THE RT. REV. W. R. INGE

Man is a pendulum swinging between Deity and dust.

BYRON

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

Not to marry a young woman.

Not to keep young company unless they reely deserve it.

Not to be peevish or morose, or suspicious.

Not to tell the same story over and over to the same people.

Not to be covetous.

Not to be over severe with young people, but give allowances for their youthful follies and wickednesses.

Not to be too free of advise nor trouble any but those that desire it.

Not to talk much, nor of my self.

Not to boast of my former beauty, or strength, or favour with ladyes, etc.

Not to be positive or opiniative.

Not to sett up for observing all these Rules, for fear I should observe none.

DEAN SWIFT

MEN

Give a man a bed that's comfy, food that's hot, a drink if you can raise it, and let him talk about himself, and he'll love you for ever.

ANON.

Those who succeed can't forgive a fellow for being a failure, and those who fail can't forgive him for being a success. If you do succeed, though, you will be too busy to bother very much about what the failures think.

G. H. LORIMER

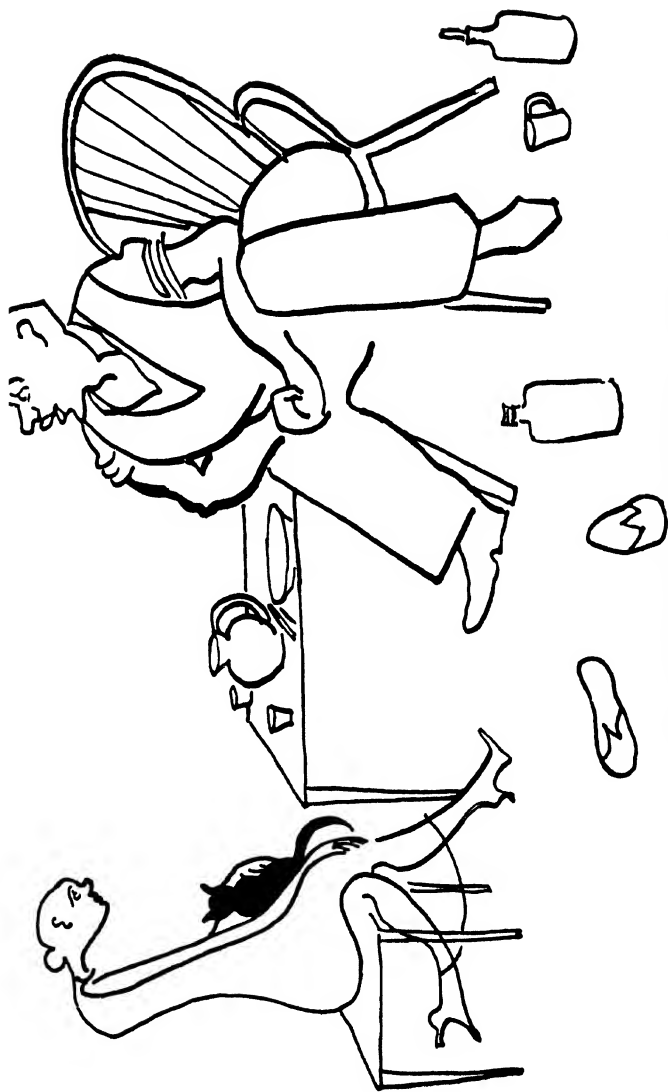
THE HAZARDS OF LIFE

This day, by the blessing of God, I have lived thirty-one years in the world: and, by the grace of God, I find myself not only in good health in every thing, and particularly as to the stone, but only pain upon taking cold, and also in a fair way of coming to a better esteem and estate in the world, than ever I expected. But I pray God to give me a heart to fear a fall, and to prepare for it.

SAMUEL PEPTS

I have been thinking there are two kinds of men—those who were born to protect us, and those who were born to understand us.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS



... Let him talk about himself and he'll love you for ever

I divide the world into three classes: The few who make things happen; the many who watch things happen; and the overwhelming majority who have no idea of what happens.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

A Man is young if a lady can make him happy or unhappy. He enters middle age when a lady can make him happy, but can no longer make him unhappy. He is old and gone if a lady can make him neither happy nor unhappy.

MORIZ ROSENTHAL, 75-year-old pianist, in *Time*

LONGEVITY

"To what do you attribute your remarkable health?" asked the interviewer.

"Well," replied the octogenarian, "I reckon I got a good start on most people by bein' born before germs were discovered, thereby havin' less to worry about."

A CLEMENCEAU STORY

On his eightieth birthday, Clemenceau was strolling down the Champs-Élysées with a friend. A pretty girl passed them, and Clemenceau said, "Oh, to be seventy again!"

"As regards the prolongation of human life, the invention of gigs has more than counterbalanced the discovery of vaccination."

SYDNEY SMITH

HEALTH CAMPAIGN

It is uncertain when tooth brushes were first used, but care of the teeth is shown by an entry in the Shuttleworth account of "half a yard of cloth to rub my teeth IXd." And of the Rev. De Bois, who was born in 1550, lived eighty-three years, and was renowned for his attention to hygiene, it was said:

"After a meal he was careful almost to curiosity in picking and rubbing his teeth, esteeming that a special preservation of health!"

Man is what he believes.

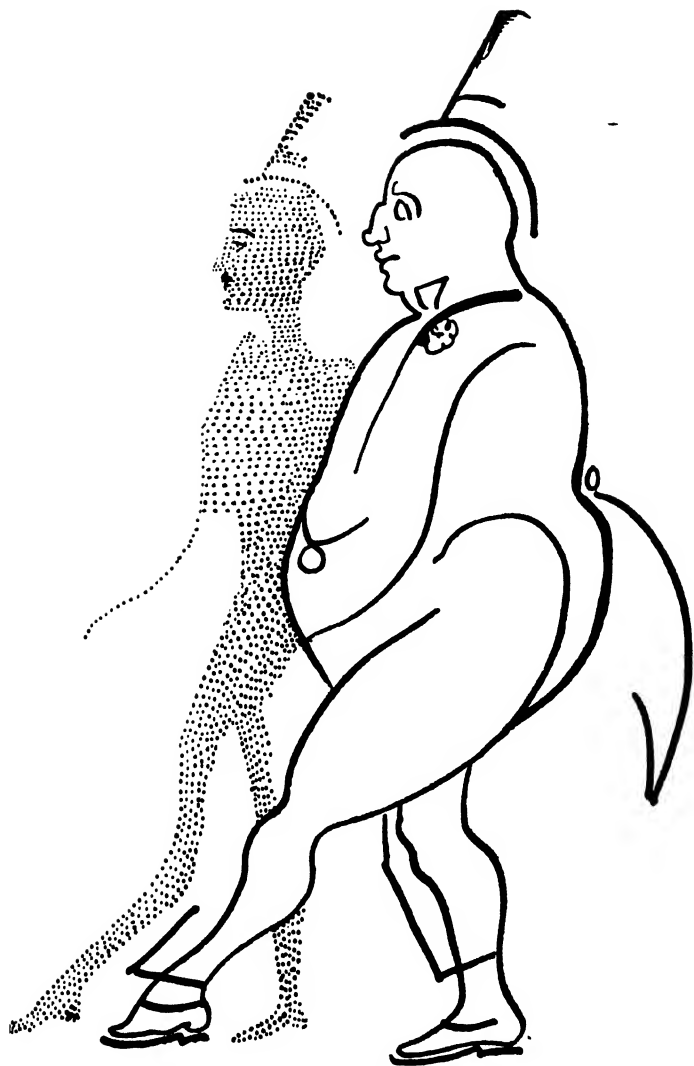
He regards existing man as painful pre-requisites of great-grandchildren.

WILLIAM BAGEHOT

Men are like cellophane—transparent but hard to remove once you get wrapped up in them.

"Seldom have men spent so much money improving their appearance as they are spending to-day. Some even have special perfume—leather and tweed—which they use behind the ears to make women admire them."

News Item



Man is what he believes

THE GENTLE ART OF MAKING ENEMIES

"Gentlemen, if my love for you equalled my ignorance of everything about you, it would be boundless."

WILLIAM IV, in reply to a deputation of freemasons,
who came to offer their loyal obedience

He is a man who is reminded that it is his wife's birthday because he has an appointment with another woman.

ON MONSIEUR COUÉ

This very remarkable man
Commends a most practical plan;
You can do what you want
If you don't think you can't
So don't think you can't think you can.

CHARLES INGE

Two gentlemen, or at least two men in good coats and hats, overtook me.

MACAULAY (*Diary*)

The youngest boy, Wratislav, who was the black sheep of a rather greyish family, had as yet made no marriage at all.

SAKI

An unmarried man is a good deal like a piece of unimproved real estate—he may be worth a whole lot of money, but he isn't of any particular use except to build on.

G. H. LORIMER



*Who was the black sheep of a rather greyish family, had as yet made
no marriage at all*

When Robert Taylor, the film star, left New York on the *Berengaria* in 1937, two girls were found under the bed in his state-room. He shook hands with both, and one of them said, "I shall never wash this hand again."

THE ENGLISH

The English have an extraordinary ability for flying into a great calm.

ALEXANDER WOOLCOTT

The English instinctively admire any man who has no talent and is modest about it.

JAMES AGATE

EMERSON ON THE ENGLISH

Half their strength they put not forth; powerful in sudden effort, they are impatient of tedious toil. . . . They are very liable in their politics to extraordinary delusions, but suspicion will make fools of nations as of citizens. . . . Meantime, I know that a *retrieving* power lies in the English race, which seems to make almost any recoil possible. . . . What could they not, if they would?

From English Traits, published 120 years ago

The English people, whose virtue is geniality and their vice gentility.

G. K. CHESTERTON

Let me record here two remarks made to me by English people. One of them came from a very distinguished person, a man of letters who has been knighted for his services to the language and other amenities of his country. He said: 'If my daughter were to marry a foreigner, I should feel very much as though she had married a monkey.' The other of these commentators was a pleasant middle-aged Englishwoman to whom I expressed my feelings when I had spent a couple of hours trying to telephone from one Italian town to another about fifteen miles away. (This was in pre-Fascist days.) She said: 'Yes, I know . . . but I never can help thinking how clever it is of foreigners to have things like telephones at all.'

I have now recorded these remarks. For years they have haunted me, making me feel that somewhere in them, if only it could be extracted, lies that clue to the English which has so long baffled all the other races of the world.

From My England, by EDWARD SHANKS

Englishmen have never considered their women as an asset, but only a rather unfortunate necessity. I feel they look forward eagerly to the time when the necessary population will be fertilized in test-tubes and reared by the State.

Most Englishmen never get over their own nobility is supporting a wife and family. They look on them as mill-stones without which they would have risen to giddy heights.

R. K. W.

THE SCOTTISH

With the Scots it was whisky or perish—and how they have survived!

“It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding. Their only idea of wit, or rather that inferior variety of this electric talent which prevails occasionally in the north, and which, under the name of *wut*, is so infinitely distressing to people of good taste, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals. They are so imbued with metaphysics that they even make love metaphysically; I overheard a young lady of my acquaintance, at a dance in Edinburgh, exclaim, in a sudden pause of the music, ‘What you say, my Lord, is very true of love in the *abstract*, but—.’ Here the fiddlers began fiddling furiously, and the rest was lost.”

SYDNEY SMITH

SCOTTISH HUMOUR

A Scotsman told me the other day that there are two distinct types of Scottish stories. One is the kind specially manufactured for retailing by the English, the other is the kind they like to tell among themselves. Practically all the former are variants of the “moth-in-the-purse” chestnut or some new adaptation of the “eternal triangle” of the Scotsman, the Irishman and the Jew.

As an example of the latter type he cited the story of the three Scotsmen who went out for a picnic and took with them fourteen bottles of whisky and one loaf of bread. "My God," said one of them, "what are we going to do with all the bread?"

Also, the story of the two Scotsmen who were caught in a storm at sea. One of them was praying for safety and was just about to promise to forswear drink, if he were spared, when the other cried out: "Dinna commit yoursel', Sandy, I can see land!"

Another story with the genuine Scottish tang about it is to be found in Macaulay's *Diary*. Lord Braxfield, one of the Scottish judges of the old school when playing whist, exclaimed to a lady who was his partner: "What are you doing, ye damned auld—?" And then recollecting himself: "Your pardon's begged, madam. I took ye for my ain wife."

THE IRISH

John Philpot Curran, an Irish orator and barrister of the eighteenth century, was asked what an Irish gentleman, just arrived in England, could mean by continually putting out his tongue.

"I suppose he is trying to catch the English accent," he replied.

The same gentleman, having been annoyed by fleas, once remarked to his landlady: "If they had

been unanimous, and all pulled one way, they must have pulled me out of bed entirely."

"The Irish are not in a conspiracy to cheat the world by false representations of the merits of their countrymen. No, Sir: the Irish are a fair people—they never speak well of one another."

DR. JOHNSON

"He has the real Cambridge mind," the second Viscount Halifax used to say of people whom he didn't like, "— a thing I dislike more and more every day." Or, "I think for a man to have been educated at Cambridge is the biggest handicap he could have been called upon to endure."

"I am at Trinity," said a Cantab to a Londoner. "Trinity, Cambridge, or Trinity, Oxford?" asked the latter. And the former, with insolent calmness, replied, "Trinity."

* * *

So strong was the contagion of good feeling that even Sir Edward Coke, for the first time in his life, behaved like a gentleman.

MACAULAY

"I don't know what effect these men will have on the enemy; but, by God, they frighten me!"

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON (on a
draft of troops sent out to him)

DOCTORS

Doctors, like lawyers, can be got to take opposing views. But while a judge is able to pronounce which lawyer is wrong, they only find out which doctor is wrong when the undertaker calls.

MR. JAMES WALKER, M.P.

"Uric acid is tottering upon its throne; the triumphs of democracy are no longer confined to politics."

Advertisement in an American Medical Newspaper

Some doctors take life very easily.

J. B. MORTON

LAWYERS

The following story is told of the late Mr. Justice Rigby Swift:

Counsel for accused motorist said traffic signs were illegible.

Swift: (in his strong Lancashire accent), "Ah, in my county all signs are plain from a hundred yards away."

Counsel: "I agree, m'lud. I spent three weeks touring in Lancashire and never had the slightest trouble."

Swift: "Who said owt about Lancashire? My county is Sussex."

A junior barrister was applying to the Lord Chief Justice to fix a day for trial for an action. Several similar applications had been made immedi-

ately before, and the Lord Chief said, a little impatiently:

"I suppose—h'm—that I shall be told that several Law Officers of the Crown will be engaged in this case."

"No, m'lud," replied the junior, "there will be my learned friend and myself, and some other *future* Law Officers of the Crown. . . ."

Lord Hewart was so pleased with this *riposte* that he granted the application without demur.

OFFICIALS

NEW POLICY OF THE B.B.C.

There are indications that the B.B.C. is about to try the experiment of giving listeners what they themselves think they think they want, instead of what the B.B.C. thinks they think they think they want.

PUNCH

"Mistress Gordon was a Stonehaven woman. Her father had been a bit Post Office creature, but God! to hear her speak you'd think he'd invented the Post Office himself and taken out a patent for it."

From *Sunset Song*, by LEWIS G. GIBBON

MOTORISTS

THOSE ACCURSED CARS!

, I do not own a car, and cannot drive one. Thank heavens! I was going to say, but that sounds rather

like sour-grapes hypocrisy. If I could afford a chauffeur-mechanic, I should probably have one. But for all that, a car is a diabolical thing. Its brutish obstinacy, its lack of intelligence, its noise, its dirt, its stink revolt the soul. It is far worse to start up a cold engine than to catch a frisky horse. . . . Of all the humiliations suffered since the Fall by much-enduring man, surely the worst is to lie on your back in the dirt beneath the Juggernaut, fumbling in its greasy, stinking entrails, while slimy drops of thick black oil ooze down upon your red and sweating face.

From *Highland Homespun*, by MARGARET M. LEIGH

MOTTO FOR THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT

“. . . that driving by the people through the people and over the people may shortly perish from the earth.”

A 192— MODEL

1. “You have no speedometer in your car?”

“No need—if I do forty, the lamps on my car rattle—at fifty the whole car rattles—higher than that my teeth rattle.”

* * *

2. “What’s wrong with your car?”

“Well, the only thing in it which doesn’t make a noise is the horn!”

* * *

Motorist: "I had the right of way when this man ran into me, yet you say I was to blame."

Cop: "You certainly were."

Motorist: "Why?"

Cop: "Because his father's the mayor, his brother's the chief of police, and I'm engaged to his sister."

NEAL O'HARA in the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*

U.S.A. TRAFFIC SIGN

Slow down before you become a statistic.

POLITICIANS

He did his party all the harm in his power—he spoke for it.

* * *

The Minister generally remains in Office till a worse can be found.

PROFESSOR NICHOL

I might have known that you were too clever to be really a gentleman.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

THE BUSINESS MAN

The difference between a really modern, well-run, adequately lubricated business, and one of the old-fashioned ones which squeak, is purely one of planning. The difference between an unplanned business and a planned one is this:

(1) In an unplanned business things just happen, *i.e.* they crop up. Life is full of unforeseen happenings and circumstances over which you have no control. On the other hand:

(2) In a *planned* business things still happen and crop up and so on, *but you know exactly what would have been the state of affairs if they hadn't.*

From *Business for Pleasure*, by MARK SPADE

SPORTSMEN

To me, a hunt is merely a rapid procession, consisting of first a fox, then a group of intelligent dogs, and lastly a concourse of rather less intelligent people.

MARGARET HALSEY

STORY OF A HEAVY-WEIGHT

In a broadcast talk, Mr. Victor Bridges related a story told him by James Corbett, once heavy-weight champion of the world. "Just after I'd beaten John L. Sullivan, I happened to be walking a street in New York with a little dawg o' mine, and all of a sudden I come over hungry. Well, I turns into a restaurant where there is a great big guy in his shirt sleeves—the proprietor, I guess—and as I come in, he yells: 'You cain't have a dawg in here.' I didn't take no notice of him: I just went and sat down at a table and I says: 'I want a steak.' He comes up lookin' a bit ugly and says: 'Didn't you hear what

I said? You cain't have a dawg in here.' 'I don't want a dawg,' I says, 'I want a steak.' With that, the big guy starts rollin' up his shirt sleeves. 'What you want,' he says, 'is chuckin' out.' At that moment the door opens, and in comes a gentleman who knows me. 'Jim,' he shouts, 'Jim Corbett. How are you, old sport?' When the big guy hears that, his face turns a kind o' dirty green. 'Jim Corbett?' he says. 'What—the prizefighter?' 'That's me,' I says. 'Yessir,' he says, very quick. 'A steak I think you said, sir. And what will the little dawg have?' "

From The Listener

ANOTHER TOUGH GUY

Disgusted film critic on a "star" he disliked:

"His idea of how a he-man should be played was to throw his chest three inches and follow it slowly across the screen."

PROFESSIONS

Soon the door swung open and a man bustled in; he took one look at me and promptly sat down next to me. I suppose I ought to have felt flattered, but actually I resented his action and tried to show it. There were plenty of empty seats along the alleyway. Why didn't he take a seat by himself? He soon showed me the reason. He turned and asked: "You're a Britisher, ain't you?" "Yes," I said stiffly, and

nearly added "Thank God." He opened his grip-bag, as we would call it, produced a bottle of rye whisky and two glasses, and without a word solemnly poured out two stiff drinks, handed me one, and raising the other to his lips, said "Here's how," and drank it down. He was certainly making an assault on my insular reserve, for he started talking, and asked: "What job are you on?" Thinking he would be impressed, I said: "Oh, I'm on Government service." "Well, I'll be goldarned," he said excitedly, "so am I." He looked cautiously round the car, then leant over to me. He unbuttoned his coat, then his waistcoat. Inside his waistcoat was a silver badge. "Read this," he said; I did, and got a bit of a shock, for the words on the badge were "Public Hangman."

He scrutinized me for a moment, then said: "Stand up." I rose to my feet. He felt my calves and biceps, then delivered judgment. "You're five foot ten tall, and weigh 165 lb.: am I right?" He was practically right, and I said so. "Yes," he continued, "I should give you a seven-foot drop!"

From a Wireless Talk by COMMANDER A. B. CAMPBELL

CRITICS

"PASS THE MILK"

Here are two samples of the late A. E. Housman's malicious wit.

"Nature, not content with denying to Mr. —

the faculty of thought, has endowed him with the faculty of writing."

"I do not know upon what subject he will next employ his versatile incapacity."

You praise the firm restraint with
which they write—
I'm with you there, of course;
They use the snaffle and curb all right
But where's the bloody horse?

ROY CAMPBELL

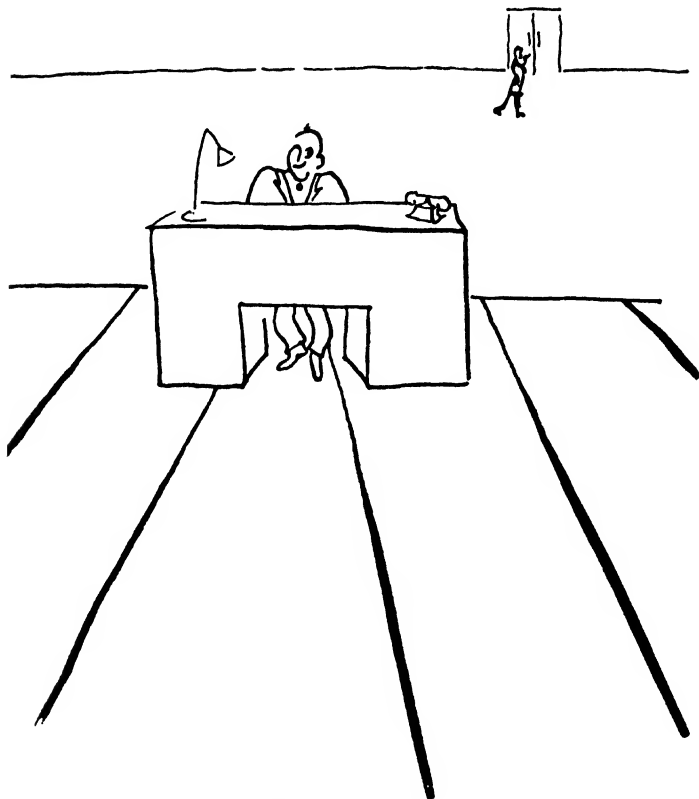
MEN MUST WORK

Women know nothing of the way we men have to work. Take the average business man who is in an executive position.

Arriving at the office between ten and eleven, he goes through his post. His secretary has already thrown away the money-lenders' circulars, and the remainder consists of letters acknowledging the receipt of those he sent off yesterday. He dictates several acknowledgements of these acknowledgements. I often wonder what would happen in an ordinary business if no letters turned up to be acknowledged. But perhaps a capable secretary would forge some and save the situation.

The routine work—unimportant things like soliciting orders, manufacturing stuff, filling orders, despatching them, sending in bills and collecting and booking accounts—is naturally done by subordinates,

and the great man sits down with a pencil and paper, to reorganize the organization. He suddenly thinks



Men must work

of something and telephones to somebody about it. The somebody isn't there. As a matter of fact, nine

out of every ten telephone messages are unnecessary, because they are dealt with in correspondence or interviews, but the great man is afraid of forgetting it unless he hands it over to another person who will have to remember it. As it is, he does forget it.

It is one of the tragedies of a business man's life that even his lunch hour must be devoted to business. He eats four courses and talks about aviation and golf and influenza and gardening until three o'clock, when he yelps with fright. He must get back. "And about that matter of the contract?" which is the first time it has been mentioned. "I expect it's all right, but if you'll get your people to write to us we can fix up a date to talk it over. Good-bye."

At three-thirty he arrives in a taxi, fuming with impatience. He tells his secretary to sign the letters for him, and tells Simpkins to go into the insurance thing. He himself is too busy. He catches the five-ten so that he can go home and take some bromide before dinner.

As I say, women know nothing of the way we men work, and perhaps it is as well.

ROBERT MAGILL

OFFICIALS

INCOME TAX RETURNS

The evidence of the accused is that in this pronouncement (which is headed NOTE AS TO THE RELIEF WHICH MAY BE CLAIMED BY TAXPAYERS) there are nearly two hundred words; that, after

reading the first fifty words, he laughed heartily; that he then began again and read the whole passage through from start to finish six or seven times; first silently, then aloud, and finally singing to a chant of B minor; that after these exhaustive experiments the words still conveyed no meaning to his mind whatever; that he concluded that not even a Government Department could have issued to the whole body of income-tax payers two hundred words entirely devoid of sense or meaning; that therefore his first impression was probably correct and the whole form a base, practical joke, to which he replied in the same spirit and kind.

From *Misleading Cases in the Common Law*, by A. P. HERBERT

INTER-STAFF MESSAGES

A Government Factory Inspector kindly authenticates the following four inter-departmental notes, which were sent recently in a Government office, some days elapsing between messages:

1. Memo from A. to B. "Has nothing been done about this?"
2. Memo from B. to A. "Yes."
3. Memo from A. to B. "What?"
4. Memo from B. to A. "Nothing."

THE CIVIL SERVANT

In Whitehall and places where they think, they doubtless thought well of him.

CRITICS

Lawrence's great picture of *Satan summoning his Legions*, is now the property of the Royal Academy. Contemporary opinions differed widely as to its merits. His admirers pronounced it sublime, but Pasquin described it as "a mad Sugar Baker dancing naked in a conflagration of his own treacle."

ARTISTS

OBVIOUS!

Lord Riverdale said recently that standardization was so valuable that he wondered whether some day it might be applied to artists.

To illustrate his point, he told this story at a luncheon of the British Standards Institution at the Royal Automobile Club:

An artist was persuaded by a friend to go to the Royal Academy, and he was shown a futurist picture.

"What is it?" he asked.

His friend said: "That is a cow grazing."

"Where is the grass?"

"Oh, she has eaten it all."

"Then where is the cow?"

"You don't think she would be such a fool as to stay there when it had all gone?"

SURREALISM

"Just what is modernistic art?"

"It's something that proves things are not as bad as they can be painted."

This definition seems to be justified by two titles of pictures at the Surrealist Exhibition held last summer: *Average atmospheric-cephalic bureaucrat milking a "cranial-harp,"* and *Suburbs of the paranoiac town.*

Every man is dangerous who only cares for one thing.

G. K. CHESTERTON

HENRY IRVING

I liked Henry Irving, though he was, without exception, the stupidest man I ever met. Simply no brains—all character and temperament. Curious how little use mere brains are! I have a very fine set; and yet I learned more from the first stupid woman who fell in love with me than ever they taught me.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW (in a letter to Ellen Terry)

SPORT

IT'S NOT CRICKET

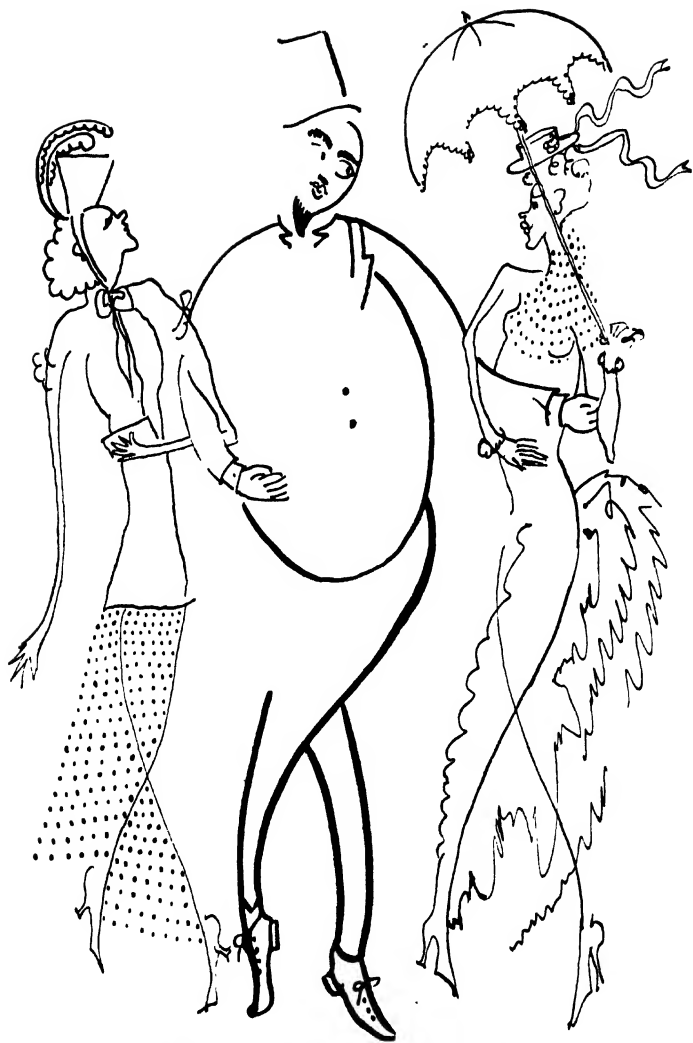
"Had Hitler and Mussolini been cricketers, I do not think we should have had all this trouble that is going on in Europe to-day."

SIR FRANCIS LACEY, for twenty-five years secretary to the M.C.C.

COUNCILLORS

"Can you tell me the way to Lostwithyn?" he asked. "The sign-post doesn't say much," he added.

"Oh, that!" she commented, with much scorn.



Every man is dangerous who only cares for one thing

"Nobody takes no notice of that. You canna go by signposses here, you mun go the way the hills 'll let you. But them posses," she added, "they do for the counting councils to be busy about, painting the names and that. Else who knows what they'd be doing?—for a more mischievous set of men there never was! Besides, poor things, they want to seem to be doing something for their money like other folks."

MARY WEBB

QUESTION TIME

A question was asked at a recent council meeting: "What happens to the manure from the horses which pull the municipal dust-carts?"

The reply given was: "The manure which arises from the horses is the council's product."

PHILOSOPHERS

It is not so important to be serious as it is to be serious about the important things. The monkey wears an expression of seriousness which would do credit to any college student, but the monkey is serious because he itches.

PRESIDENT ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINS,
of the University of Chicago

Love like fools when you are young. Work like devils when you are old. It is the only way to live. Good night, my children.

VOLTAIRE

The man who says that he has exhausted life generally means that life has exhausted him.

OSCAR WILDE

There is perhaps no surer mark of folly than to attempt to correct the natural infirmities of those we love.

FIELDING

“It lies in your power to give what a man stands in most need of, what only a woman *can* give—faith in himself.”

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON

Man is for woman a means; the end is always the child. But what is woman for man? Two things are wanted by the true man—danger and play. Therefore he seeketh woman as the most dangerous toy.

NIETZSCHE

There is no shrewder critic of a husband's conduct than a male friend of the family who envies him his rights.

DR. HAROLD DEARDEN

I am of a constitution so general, that it consorts and sympathiseth with all things. I have no antipathy, or rather Idiosyncrasie, in dyet, humour, air, any thing. I wonder not at the French for their dishes of Frogs, Snails and Toadstools, nor at the Jews for Locusts and Grasshoppers; but being amongst them,



*things are wanted by the true man, danger and play. Therefore he seeketh
woman as the most dangerous toy*

make them my common Viands, and I find they agree with my Stomach as well as theirs. I could digest a Salad gathered in a Churchyard, as well as in a Garden. I cannot start at the presence of a Serpent, Scorpion, Lizard, or Salamander; at the sight of a Toad or Viper, I find in me no desire to take up a stone to destroy them.

I feel not in my self those common Antipathies that I can discover in others: those National repugnances do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian, Spaniard, or Dutch: but where I find their actions in balance with my Countrymen's, I honour, love, and embrace them in some degree. I was born in the eighth Climate, but seem fit to be framed and constellated unto all. I am no Plant that will not prosper out of a Garden. All places, all airs, make unto me one Countrey; I am in England every where, and under any Meridian. I have been shipwrackt, yet am not enemy with the Sea or Winds; I can study, play, or sleep in a Tempest. In brief, I am averse from nothing: my Conscience would give me the lye if I should say I absolutely detest or hate any essence but the Devil: or so at least abhor any thing, but that we might come to composition.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

With a gentleman I am always a gentleman and a half, and when I have to do with a pirate I try to be a pirate and a half,

BISMARCK

To man a surplus is a superfluity. To woman it is a necessity.

PRINCESS ANTOINE BIBESCO

If I had to choose between exercise and a sense of humour as a panacea for long life, I should not hesitate—I should choose laughter.

SIR CHARLES WILSON

“Good Sirs, I perceive and feel death to follow at my heels. Let us leave off and quit all merriments and feasting, and let me have a confessor to shrift me, and a notary to draw my last will and testament.

“In the extremity whereunto I now find and feel myself, a man must not make a jest of his soul.”

CERVANTES

TOPICAL REFLECTION

“Oh what a *bubble*, what a *puffe*, what but a *wink of Life is man!* And with what a general swallow, *Death* still gapes upon the *general World!*

OWEN FELLTHAM (A.D. 1670)

Man is no Microcosme, and they detract
from his dimensions, who apply
This narrow term to his immensity.

Heaven, Earth and Hell in him are pack't.
Hee's a misananye of good and evils,

A Temper mixt with Angells, Beasts and Devills.

RALPH KNIVET (17th Century)

We perceive that the destiny of man is not comfortable, that he is born naked and without a guilt, that his end, so far as the furthest sight can see, is to lie in ground that is cold enough to chill though not enough to check corruption, and we perceive also that what raises him to a dignity which enables him to return the stare of the stare without shame are precisely those uncomfortable elements, and not the moments when he contrives to forget them.

REBECCA WEST

Philosophy is not the concern of those who pass through Divinity and Greats, but of those who pass through birth and death. Nearly all the more awful and abstruse statements can be put in words of one syllable, from "A child is born" to "A soul is damned." If the ordinary man may not discuss existence, why should he be asked to conduct it?

G. K. CHESTERTON

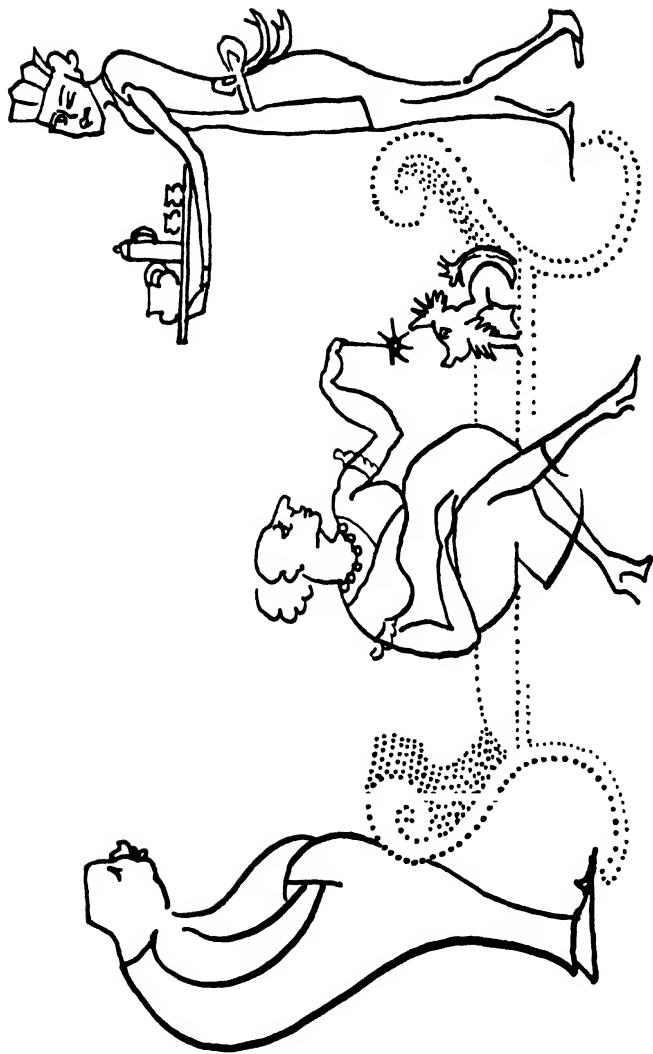
Love, friendship, respect, do not unite people as much as common hatred for something.

CHEKHOV

A FAMILIAR RING

The leading article of an American weekly of 1857 has a familiar ring to modern ears.

"Not for many years—not in the life-time of most men who read this paper—has there been so much



Love, friendship, respect, do not unite people as much as common hatred for something

grave and deep apprehension; never has the future seemed so incalculable as at this time. In our own country there is universal prostration and panic . . . in France the political cauldron seethes and bubbles with uncertainty; Russia hangs, as usual, like a cloud, dark and silent upon the horizon of Europe; while all the energies, resources, and influences of the British Empire are sorely tried. . . .”

People are so open about wanting others to learn by their mistakes, instead of feeling that the less said about them the better. They almost seem to have made them for others to learn by.

I. COMPTON-BURNETT

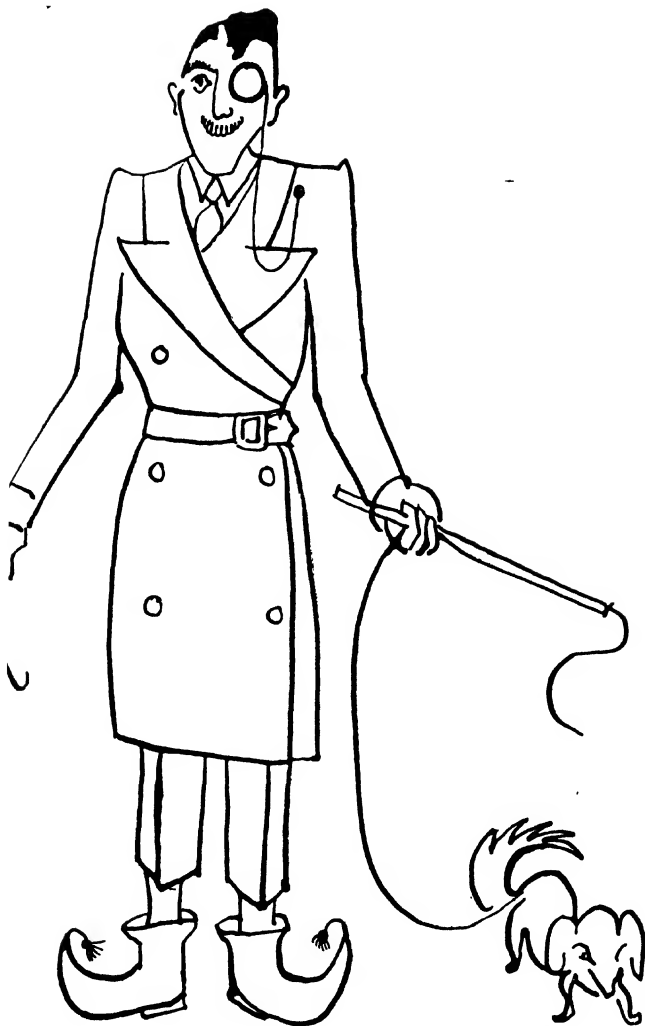
If you wish women to love you, be original; I know a man who used to wear felt boots summer and winter, and women fell in love with him.

CHEKHOV

LAUGHTER

Q. Why do some think that laughter proceeds from the spleen, affirming that it is not like that they laugh as much, whose spleen is corrupted, as they whose spleen is sound, but say that such are very sad?

A. Truly, I think that the cause of laughter is accidental, and not properly the spleen, for if it can be sound and perfect, it doth draw from the liver melancholy humour, whereof it proceedeth, that when the pure blood, without any dregs, doth go



*I know a man who used to wear felt boots summer and winter, and women
' in love with him*

through the whole body, and also in the brain, it doth delight both nature and mind, and doth make men merry like unto wine, and bring them to a quietness and tranquillity, and so that of laughter is moved.

ALEXANDER APHRODISEUS

Prepare to live, but for heaven's sake do not forget to live. You will never have a better chance than you have at present. Hopes are never realized, for in the act of realization they become something else.

ARNOLD BENNETT

The Life-Force, afflicted with doubt
As to what it was bringing about,
Cried—"Alas! I am blind,
But I'm making a Mind,
Which may possibly puzzle it out."

The real danger is not to civilization but to liberty. The effect of the progress of science is to give small bodies of men dominion over large numbers. Perhaps the idea of nineteenth-century Liberalism, that we were moving towards a complete democracy, may seem to future historians to have been the transitory dream of an epoch. We may really be moving to an organization of the world under a power which combines the characteristics of

a political despotism and a great commercial trust. Everything which makes life disorderly and miserable makes such a consummation more possible; for if the choice is between chaos and despotism, most men in the long run prefer despotism. A people is soon cowed by a power strong enough to strike down its leaders.

From an anonymous letter to The Times

With some it is money, with others women; some take to drink; others to thieving; some become keen on some particular brand of politics or religion; according to age and capabilities some go mad about sport, gambling, art, or freemasonry; and a few unfortunates give way to drugs; but every man in the world must be enthusiastic about something or another, if he is to refrain from suicide. The happy man is he whose daily work provides him with the necessary thrills.

A. G. STREET

THAT IS THE QUESTION

NOR long before his death Jowett was sitting with two other aged Dons over the fire, and remarked: "We have sought for truth and sometimes found it; but have we had much fun?"

In sending two brace of grouse to a friend, Sydney described them as "curious, because killed by a Scottish metaphysician; in other and better language,

they are mere ideas, shot by other ideas, out of a pure intellectual notion, called a gun."

I am seventy-four years of age; and being Canon of St. Paul's in London, and a rector of a parish in the country, my time is divided equally between town and country. I am living amongst the best society in the Metropolis, and at ease in my circumstances; in tolerable health, a mild Whig, a tolerating Churchman, and much given to talking, laughing and noise. I dine with the rich in London, and physic the poor in the country; passing from the saucers of Dives to the sores of Lazarus. I am, upon the whole, a happy man; have found the world an entertaining world, and am thankful to Providence for the part allotted to me in it.

SYDNEY SMITH

THOUGHTS ON LEISURE

It is commonly believed that happiness consists in leisure. We forgo leisure in order that we may have leisure, just as we go to war in order that we may have peace.

ARISTOTLE

The essence of hell is a perpetual holiday.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

The truly happy man is surely the man whose work is his play, and his play merely recreation.

THE VERY REV. W. R. INGE

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY—

. . . how infinitely good that Providence is which has provided in its government of mankind such narrow bounds to his sight and knowledge of things ; and though he walks in the midst of so many thousand dangers, the sight of which if discovered to him would distract his mind and sink his spirits, he is kept serene and calm by having the events of things hid from his eyes. . . .

DANIEL DEFOE

Many people live their lives in an atmosphere of slight nausea, produced by constant overdoses, first of one thing and then of its antidote. That is the secret of almost half the irritability of the world, and much more than half the changes of fashion.

GILBERT MURRAY

A man is seldom so harmlessly occupied as when he is making money.

DR. JOHNSON

Nothing so needs reforming as other people's habits.

MARK TWAIN

Youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, old age a regret.

DISRAELI

SALAR JUNG LIBRARY

It is quite clear that all the troubles of the world are really due to people being awake so much, and that sleep is society's only safeguard.

M. J. NUGENT

It's no good being clever about life. One can be sensible about it or brave—but not clever.

ANN BRIDGE

The Puritan hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectator.

MACAULAY

L'homme n'est qu'un roseau le plus faible de la nature: mais c'est un roseau pensant.

PASCAL

Though the righteous be prevented with death, yet shall he be in rest. For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age.

He pleased God, and was beloved of Him; so that living among sinners he was translated. Yea, speedily was he taken away, lest that wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul. . . . He, being made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time.

This the people saw and understood it not . . . to what end the Lord hath set him in safety.

Wisdom of Solomon

Shall we believe that the soul, which is invisible, and which goes hence to a place that is like herself, glorious, and pure and invisible, to Hades, which is rightly called the unseen world, to dwell with the good and wise God, whither, if it be the will of God, my soul too must shortly go:—shall we believe that the soul, whose nature is so glorious and pure, and invisible, is blown away by the winds and perishes as soon as she leaves the body, as the world says? Nay, dear Cebes and Simmias, it is not so. I will tell you what happens to a soul which is pure at her departure, and in her life has had no intercourse that she could avoid with the body, but has shunned it, and gathered herself into herself, for such has been her constant study:—and that only means that she has loved wisdom rightly, and has truly practised how to die. Is not this the practice of death?

Yes, certainly.

Does not the soul, then, which is in that state, go away to the invisible that is like herself, and to the divine, and to the immortal, and the wise, where she is released from error, and folly, and fear, and fierce passions, and all the other evils that fall to the lot of men, and is happy, and for the rest of time lives in very truth with the gods? Shall we affirm this, Cebes?

Yes, certainly, said Cebes.

PLATO

Death is no less essential to us than to live, or to be born. In flying death, thou fliest thyself; thy essence

is equally parted into these two, life and death. It is no small reproach to a Christian, whose faith is in immortality, and the blessedness of another life, to fear death much, which is the necessary passage thereunto.

SIR HENRY VANE

Death being the Way and condition of Life, we cannot love to live if we cannot bear to die.

I have often wondered at the unaccountableness of man in this, among other things; that tho' he loves Changes so well, he should care so little to hear or think of his last, great, and best Change too, if he pleases.

The truest end of Life is, to know the Life that never ends.

He that lives to live ever, never fears dying.

Nor can the Means be terrible to him that heartily believes the End.

For tho' Death be a Dark Passage, it leads to Immortality, and that's Recompense enough for Suffering of it.

WILLIAM PENN

"I have come to the end of my career, and have nothing now to do but to grow old merrily and to die without pain."

SYDNEY SMITH

Up to this day, no one would have said specially that Mr. Harding was a favourite in the town. He

had never been forward enough in anything to become the acknowledged possessor of popularity. But, now that he was gone, men and women told each other how good he had been. They remembered the sweetness of his smile, and talked of loving little words which he had spoken to them—either years ago or the other day, for his words had always been loving. And so they buried Mr. Septimus Harding, formerly Warden of Hiram's Hospital in the city of Barchester, of whom the chronicler may say that that city never knew a sweeter gentleman or a better Christian.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

FROM THE GREEK

To many men strange fates are given
Beyond remission or recall,
But the worst fate of all (tra la)
's to have no fate at all (tra la).

STEVIE SMITH

AN UP-TO-DATE INFERNO

The hell they meet in is an up-to-date version of the Greek's hell—that is, a place not for punishment, but for learning sense. Three hundred years of facing facts and outgrowing illusions, and then back to earth.

Hell has skyscrapers, town-planning schemes and artificial sunlight; electric trains at 225 miles per hour; no Belisha beacons but a strong Safety First movement (for they mend you on arrival in hell, but

if you damage yourself once you're there, you remain damaged for the rest of your infernal life); a class system and week-end bungalows; a dictator who makes occasional and impressive appearances at the microphone; a stock exchange, a National Trust, hikers' hostels, and inhabitants who are perfectly ready to spoil the beautiful surroundings of Lake Avernus for the sake of working a vein of adamant, hell's precious substance.

From a review of *Damnation of Mr. Zinkler*, in *Now and Then*

INVECTIVE

" . . . that grand impostor, that loathsome hypocrite, that detestable traitor, that prodigy of nature, that opprobrium of mankind, that landscape of iniquity, that sink of sin, and that compendium of baseness, who now calls himself our Protector."

From a manifesto of the Anabaptists on
Oliver Cromwell (quoted by HUGH KINGSMILL)

All their life was spent not in lawes, statutes or rules, but according to their own free will and pleasure. They rose out of their beds, when they thought good: they did eat, drink, labour, sleep, when they had a minde to it, and were disposed for it. None did awake them, none did offer to constrain them to eat, drink nor to do any other thing; for so had Gargantua established it. In all their rule, and strictest tie of their order, there was but this one clause to be observed,

DO WHAT THOU WILT

Because men that are free, well-borne, well-bred, and conversant in honest companies, have naturally an instinct and spurre that prompteth them unto vertuous actions, and withdraws them from vice, which is called honour.

RABELAIS

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather: that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary.

JOHN MILTON, *Areopagitica*

In His moral attributes, no less than in the rest of His infinite Being, God's judgments are unsearchable, and His ways past finding out. While He manifests Himself clearly as a moral governor and legislator, by the witness of the moral law which He has established in the hearts of men, we cannot help feeling at the same time, that that law, grand as it is, is no measure of His grandeur, that He Himself is beyond it, though not opposed to it, distinct, though not alien from it. We feel that He who planted in man's conscience that stern unyielding imperative of duty, must Himself be

true and righteous altogether; that He from Whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed, must Himself be more holy, more good, more just than these. But when we try to realize in thought this sure conviction of our faith, we find that here, as everywhere, the finite cannot fathom the infinite, that, while in our hearts we believe, yet our thoughts at times are sore troubled. It is consonant to the whole analogy of our earthly state of trial, that, in this as in other features of God's providence, we should meet with things impossible to understand and difficult to believe; by which reason is baffled and faith tried; acts whose purpose we see not; dispensations where wisdom is above us; thoughts which are not our thoughts, and ways which are not our ways. In these things we hear, as it were, the same loving voice which spoke to the wondering disciple of old: "What I do, thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." The luminary by whose influence the ebb and flow of man's moral being is regulated, moves around and along with man's little world in a regular and bounded orbit; one side, and one side only, looks downwards upon its earthly centre; the other, which we see not, is ever turned upwards to the all-surrounding Infinite. And those tides have their seasons of rise and fall, their places of strength and weakness; and that light waxes and wanes with the growth or decay of man's mental and moral and religious culture; and its borrowed rays seem at times to shine as with their own lustre in rivalry, even in opposition to the

source from which they emanate. Yet is that light still but a faint and partial reflection of the hidden glories of the Sun of Righteousness waiting but the brighter illumination of His presence to fade and be swallowed up in the full blaze of the heaven kindling around it:—not cast down indeed from its orbit, nor shorn of its true brightness and influence, but still felt and acknowledged in its real existence and power in the memory of the past discipline, in the product of the present perfectness—though now distinct no more, but vanishing from sight, to be made one with the glory that beams from the “Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.”

DEAN MANSEL

Man is an exception, whatever else he is. If he is not the image of God, then he is a disease of the dust. If it is not true that a divine being fell, then we can only say that one of the animals went entirely off its head.

G. K. CHESTERTON

When the funeral pyre was out, and the last valediction over, men took a lasting adieu of their interred friends, little expecting the curiosity of future ages should comment upon their ashes, and, having no old experience of the duration of their reliques, held no opinion of such after-consideration.

But who knows the fate of his bones, or how often he is to be buried? Who hath the oracle of his ashes, or whither they are to be scattered? The

reliques of many lie like the ruins of Pompeys, in all parts of the earth; and when they arrive at your hands, these may seem to have wandered far, who in a direct and meridian travel, have but few miles of known earth between yourself and the pole.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

In vain do individuals hope for Immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the Moon: men have been deceived even in their flatteries above the Sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations; Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osiris in the Dog-star. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the Earth durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts; whereof besides Comets and new Stars, perspectives begin to tell tales. And the Spots that wander about the Sun, with Phaeton's favour, would make clear conviction.

There is nothing strictly immortal, but immortality; whatever hath no beginning, may be confident of no end—which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself; and the highest strain of omnipotency, to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself. All others have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction; but the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and

the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God, who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names, hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration; and to hold long subsistence, seems but a scape in oblivion.

But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.

Life is a pure flame, and we lived by an invisible Sun within us. A small fire sufficient for life, great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected precious pyres, and to burn like Sardanapalus. But the wisdom of funeral laws found the folly of prodigal blazes, and reduced undoing fires unto the rule of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner, and an urn.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

THE LIFE OF MAN

Our life is nothing but a winter's day;
Some only break their fasts, and so, away:
Others stay dinner, and depart full fed;
The deepest Age but sups, and goes to bed:
He's most in debt, that lingers out the day;
Who dies betimes, has less; and less to pay.

FRANCIS QUARLES

Carlyle said that men were mostly fools. Christianity, with a surer and more reverent realism, says that they are all fools. This doctrine is sometimes called the doctrine of original sin. It may also be described as the doctrine of the equality of men.

G. K. CHESTERTON

O Eloquent, just, and mighty Death, whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded. What none hath dared, thou hast done, and whom all the world hath flattered thou only hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words: *Hic jacet*.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

I wish no wit to wrong my Brother,
I wish not wealth to wrong another;
I wish no beauty to enthrall,
I wish no worldly wish at all.
I wish from sin God would me bring,
I wish for heaven at my ending.

ANON.

LAST WORDS

Charles Lamb, in good health, had expressed the wish that his last breath might be drawn through a pipe and exhaled in a pun, but when the time came he murmured the names of Proctor, Moxon, and other

friends, and fell into unconsciousness. Hood actually did make a death-bed joke, but it was only near his end, not at the end itself. (Some one told him that one of his family had swallowed ink in mistake: "What will she do?" "Swallow some blotting-paper," said Hood.) Hazlitt's last words, spoken in Lamb's presence, were "Well, I've had a happy life!" Those really were last words, but Wilde's remark that he feared that he was "dying above his means," and Charles the Second's famous apology, "I'm afraid I'm an unconscionable long time dying," were neither said *in extremis*. Words uttered on a death-bed and "last words" are very different.

One of the most human and natural of true "last words" that I ever met with was spoken by an old woman whose life had been a long piece of drudgery: the counterpart of the old woman in the poem, who, when dead, was "going to do nothing for ever and ever." Her nurse, listening for signs of vitality, heard her say, "Now for a good long sleep!" She then sank into the next world.

E. V. LUCAS

II. WOMEN

Women are not much, but they are the best other sex we have.

DON HEROLD

A man who believes in women is never a man who loves women.

No woman is a man's full-time job.

A woman's gift for life consists in treating her weaknesses as assets.

PRINCESS ANTOINE BIBESCO

No man is a match for a woman, except with a poker and a pair of hobnailed boots.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Women have the understanding of the heart, which is better than that of the head.

SAMUEL ROGERS

One tongue is sufficient for a woman.

(Attributed to Milton: when asked whether he would instruct his daughter in foreign languages).

WOMEN

What men, in their egoism, constantly mistake for a deficiency of intelligence in woman is merely incapacity for mastering that mass of small intellectual tricks, that complex of petty knowledges, that collection of cerebral rubber-stamps, which constitutes the chief mental equipment of the average male. A man thinks that he is more intelligent than his wife because he can add up a column of figures more accurately, and because he understands the imbecile jargon of the stock market, and because he is able to distinguish between the ideas of rival politicians, and because he is privy to the minutiae of some sordid and degrading business or profession, say soap-selling or the law. But these empty talents, of course, are not really signs of a profound intelligence; they are, in fact, merely superficial accomplishments, and their acquirement puts little more strain on the mental powers than a chimpanzee suffers in learning how to catch a penny or scratch a match.

From *In Defence of Women*, by H. L. MENCKEN

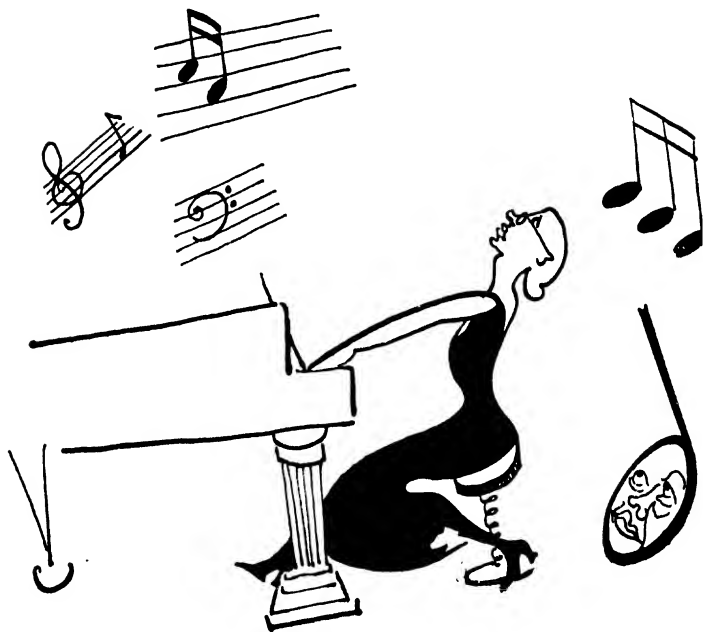
Woman runs your show, whoever you are.

T. W. H. CROSLAND

The force of nature is nothing to that of my aunt.

I. COMPTON-BURNETT

But this doll I am speaking of is 100 per cent in every respect, and as she passes, The Humming Bird looks are her, and she looks at The Humming



The force of nature is nothing to that of my aunt

Bird, and it is just the same as if they hold a two hours' conversation on the telephone, for they are both young, and it is Spring, and the way language can pass between young guys and young dolls in

the Spring without them saying anything is most surprising, and, in fact, it is practically uncanny.

DAMON RUNYON

. . . I do not approve of guys using false pretences on dolls, except, of course, when nothing else will do.

IBID

The cleverest woman on earth is the biggest fool on earth with a man.

DOROTHY PARKER

Woman's wrath is a fearful thing, and all men fear it, for according to her love, so will her vengeance be.

HILAIRE BELLOC

ALL MEN'S IDEAL

"The fair, the chaste, the inexpensive she."

There is only one thing worse than one dame, and that is two dames.

PETER CHEYNEY

Be not hasty on short acquaintance to take a woman out. If you do she will invariably take you in.

SIR SEYMOUR HICKS

A wench to please a man comes not down dropping
from the ceiling as he lies on his back droning a
tobacco pipe. He must go where she is.

BEN JONSON

There are dozens of women who are news and get
reported for doing nothing beautifully. But they are
indispensable at parties. Gallons of bad liquor and
good ink flow in their honour.

SHANE LESLIE

The only way any woman may remain forever
young is to grow old gracefully.

W. BÉRAN WOLFE

THE WYF OF BATHE

She was a worthy womman al her lyfe,
Husbandes at chirche dore hadde she fyfe,
Withouten other companye in youthe;
But thereof needeth nought to speke the truth.

CHAUCER (Prologue)

To live with women may impair a man's usefulness. To live without them, on the other hand, is bound to result in his being of no use at all. The wise human being will accept as part of the inscrutable design of Providence that the major part of his or her life must be spent in the company of another person whose whole attraction lies in the fact that men and women have essentially incompatible tempers,



Obviously never intended to live for long together

and were, therefore, obviously never intended to live for long together.

From *Hell's Bells*, by MARMADUKE DIXEY

ADAM'S SLEEP

He laid him down and slept:—and from his side,
A woman in her magic beauty rose;
Dazzled and charmed, he called the woman
“Bride,”
And his first sleep became his last repose.

ANON.

Women are more restless than the men. The modern home is her special creation. It has been described as an open cage with a half-deserted roost and no incubator.

SHANE LESLIE

Venus, take my votive glass;
Since I am not what I was,
What from this day I shall be
Venus, let me never see.

My mother was adorable at that time of her life. She was tiresome, of course, and wayward, and capricious, and thoroughly spoilt; but her charm and real inward gaiety enabled her to carry it all off. One forgave her everything when one heard her laugh and saw how frankly she was enjoying herself. As

a child can be maddening at one moment and irresistible the next, so could my mother be maddening and irresistible by turns. For, like a child, she neither analysed nor controlled her moods; they simply blew across her, and she was first one thing, then the other, without exactly realizing which side was uppermost. She never thought much; she merely lived. Whatever she was, she was with all her heart; there were no half-measures. Energy such as hers needed something to occupy it all the time, and it followed naturally that she conceived one disastrous idea after the other.

From Pepita, by V. SACKVILLE-WEST

“You’ve never troubled to find out what I’m really like. It’s never occurred to you there might be anything more than what you see. That’s so like a man. . . . Everybody dismissed with a little label. Everybody taken for granted once they’ve passed a few conventional tests.”

A clever man tells a woman he understands her; a stupid one tries to prove it.

AT THE SAN FRANCISCO WORLD’S FAIR

Husbands and wives contemplating offspring may step up to the “heredity doll,” push a number of buttons indicating colour of their eyes, hair, complexion, height, etc., and out pops a doll which looks the way their own child will look.

From Esquire



You've never troubled to find out what I'm really like

It is not enough these days to be beautiful. You must be fashionably beautiful. And to be fashionably beautiful, even a beautiful woman must be taught. That is where the beauty experts come in. But they themselves must learn the art of beauty and they must keep up with its fashion. So from time to time they must place themselves in the hands of the beauty expert's beauty expert. It is these people who are the kings and queens of the modern beauty world. It is they who dictate whether millions of women shall be slim or plump, pale or rosy, langourous, buoyant or piquant.

"Beauty culture," reads an Illinois law, "is the application of cosmetic preparations to the human body by massaging, stroking, kneading, slapping, tapping, stimulating, manipulating, exercising, cleansing, or by means of devices, apparatus or appliances, and arranging, dressing, marcelling, curling, waving, cleansing, bleaching, colouring, dyeing, tinting or otherwise treating by any means the hair of any person." Comprehensive enough, it seems. Yet beauty these days means far more than that. It meant nearly £30,000,000 in America in a single year, according to the manufacturers' last report. And everywhere it means a vast social organization.

From an article in *Picture Post*

But wel I wot, withouten eny lye,
God bade us for to wax and multiplie;
That gentil tixt can I wel understonde,
Ek wel I wot, he sayde, myn housbonde

Schulde leve fader and moder, and folwe me;
But of no noumber mencioun made he,
Of bygamyte or of octogomyte;
Why schulde men spiken of that vilonyte?

CHAUCER (*The Tale of the Wyf of Bath*)

Men live on vast, sweeping, magnificent generalizations. Women live on a word of praise.

A. G. MACDONELL

When Beau Brummell was asked the secret of his success with women, he answered: "Oh, I merely treat the charwomen like duchesses, and the duchesses like charwomen."

KEEPING ACCOUNTS:

I praised the accuracy of an account-book of a lady whom I mentioned.

JOHNSON: "Keeping accounts, Sir, is of no use when a man is spending his own money, and has nobody to whom he is to account. You won't eat less beef to-day, because you have written down what it cost yesterday." I mentioned another lady who thought as he did, so that her husband could not get her to keep an account of the expense of the family, as she thought it enough that she never exceeded the sum allowed her. JOHNSON: "Sir, it is fit she should keep an account, because her husband wishes it; but I do not see its use."

BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*

"She's that good, Miss Eleanor, before her big toe's cold, she'll be in heaven."

A woman is fascinated not by art, but by the noise made by those who have to do with art.

CHEKHOV

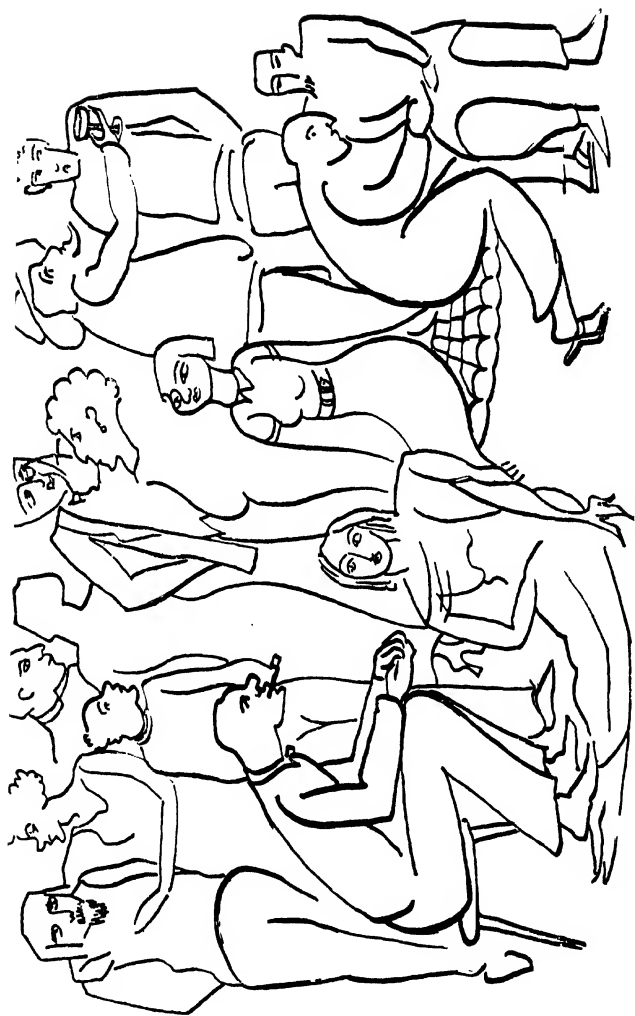
MRS. GOGAN: You'd want to be careful, all th' same. I knew a woman, a big lump of a woman, red-faced an' round-bodied, a little awkward on her feet; you'd think, to look at her, she could put out her two arms an' lift a two-storied house on th' top of her head; got a ticklin' in her throat, an' a little cough, an' th' next mornin' she had a little catchin' in her chest, an' they had just time to wet her lips with a little rum, an' off she went.

(She begins to look at, and handle the shirt.)

FLUTHER *(a little nervously)*: It's only a little cold I have; there's nothing derogatory wrong with me.

MRS. GOGAN: I dunno; there's many a man this minute lowerin' a pint, thinkin' of a woman, or pickin' out a winner, or doin' work as you're doin', while th' hearse dhrawn be th' horses with the black plumes is dhivin' up to his own hall door, an' a voice that he doesn't hear is muttherin' in his ear, "Earth to earth, an' ashes t'ashes, an' dust to dust."

FLUTHER *(faintly)*: A man in th' pink o' health should have a holy horror of allowin' thoughts o' death to be festherin' in his mind, for *(with a frightened cough)*—be God, I think I'm afther gettin' a little



A woman is fascinated not by art, but by the noise made by those who have to do with art

catch in me chest that time—it's a creepy thing to be thinkin' about.

MRS. GOGAN: It is, an' it isn't; it's both bad an' good. . . . It always gives meself a kind o' thress-passin' joy to feel meself movin' along in a mournin' coach, an' me thinkin' that, maybe, th' next funeral 'll be me own, an' glad, in a quiet way, that this is somebody else's.

From *The Plough and the Stars*, by SEAN O'CASEY

There was once a woman called Miss Hogmanimy. That was certainly a queer name. That was a name you would certainly want to get married out of. But this woman was very queer and wrought up over babies and the way babies are born, and she gave up her whole life going round giving free lectures on how babies are born. And it certainly was queer how ecstatic she got about this way how babies are born, and always she was giving lectures to young girls of school or school-leaving age. And all the time it was mixed up in a way I don't just remember with not drinking, not drinking alcohol, but just carrying on on ginger beer, kola and popgass. And so well this Miss Hogmanimy she got up in our school, now I think it was our school chapel, and so there she was, in this school chapel, giving a lecture with illustrating slides to young girls on how babies are born.

Well, my aunt didn't rightly hold with this Miss Hogmanimy, for she thought, that's my aunt did,

that there wasn't no mystery about the way babies was born, but simple and straightforward, and much the same all times, barring local differences and complications, like you had to have the doctor for, Miss Hogmanimy or no Miss Hogmanimy.

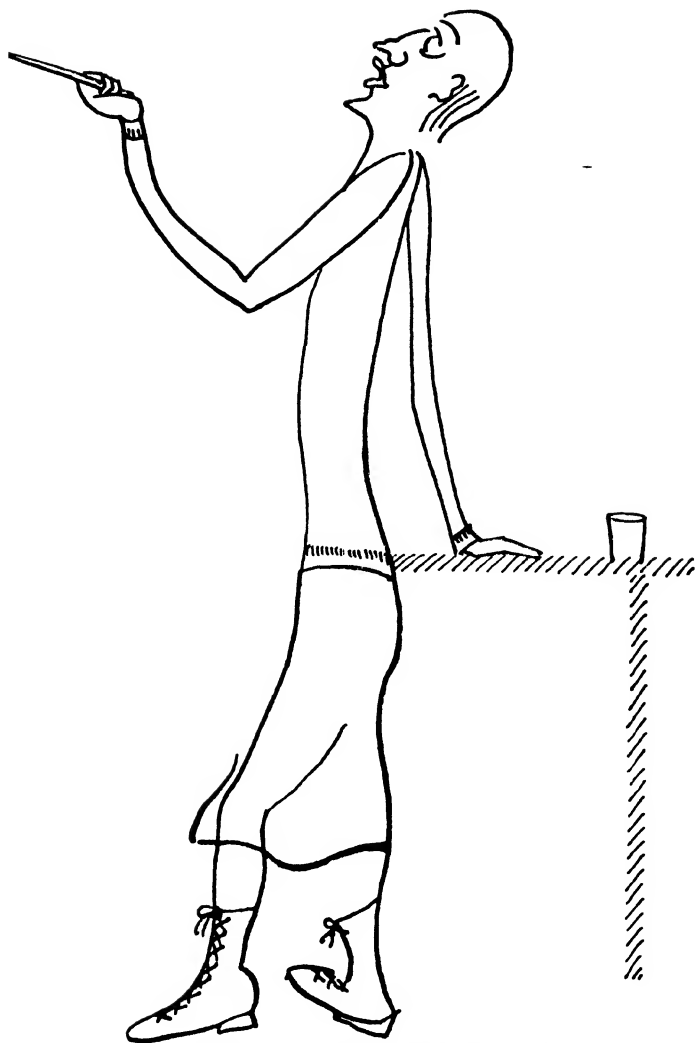
But to listen to Miss Hogmanimy, you'd think just knowing straight out how babies was born was to solve the problems of adolescence right off. You'd come out straight and simple and full of hearty fellowship and right thinking if you just got it clear once and for all how babies are born. There'd be no more coming out in spots and getting self-conscious about the senior prefect, nor getting a crush on the English mistress, nor feeling proud and miserable like you do at that time, before you get grown up. There'd be none of this at all if you just knew how babies are born. So there she was.

Novel on Yellow Paper—STEVIE SMITH

Skiping, capering, romping, rattling girls are very amusing, where all costs and other consequences are out of the question; and they may become sober in later years. But while you have no certainty of this, you have a presumptive argument on the other side.

Cobbett's Advice to Young Men

PRAXINOE: It is all the fault of that madman of mine. Here he came to the ends of the earth and took—a hole, not a house, and all that we might not be



*There'd be none of this at all if you just knew how babies are born.
So there she was*

neighbours. The jealous wretch, always the same, ever for spite!

GORGIO: Don't talk of your husband, Dinon, like that, my dear girl, before the little boy—look how he is staring at you! Never mind, Zopyrion, sweet child, she is not speaking about papa.

PRAXINOE: Our Lady! the child takes notice.

GORGIO: Nice papa!

PRAXINOE: That papa of his the other day—we call every day “the other day”—went to get soap and rouge at the shop, and back he came to me with salt—the great big, endless fellow!

GORGIO: Mine has the same trick, too, a perfect spendthrift—Diocleides! Yesterday he got what he meant for five fleeces, and paid seven shillings a piece for—what do you suppose?—dogskins, shreds of old leather wallets, mere trash—trouble on trouble. But come, take your cloak and shawl. Let us be off to the palace of rich Ptolemy, the King, to see the Adonis: I hear the Queen has provided something splendid!

PRAXINOE: Fine folks do everything finely.

GORGIO: What a tale you will have to tell about the things you have seen, to any one who has not seen them! It seems nearly time to go.

PRAXINOE: Idlers have always holiday. Eunoe, bring the water and put it down in the middle of the room, lazy creature that you are. Cats always like to sleep soft! Come, bustle, bring the water; quicker. I want water first, and how she carries it! give it

me all the same; don't pour out so much, you extravagant thing. Stupid girl! Why are you wetting my dress? There, stop, I have washed my hands, as heaven would have it. Where is the key of the big chest? Bring it here.

GORG0: Praxinoe, that full bodice becomes you wonderfully. Tell me, how much did the stuff cost you just off the loom?

PRAXIN0E: Don't speak of it, Gorgo! More than eight pounds in good silver money—and the work on it! I nearly slaved my soul out over it!

GORG0: Well, it is most successful; all you could wish.

PRAXIN0E: Thanks for the pretty speech. Bring my shawl, and set my hat on my head, the fashionable way. No, child, I don't mean to take you. Boo! Bogies! There's a horse that bites! Cry as much as you please, but I cannot have you lamed. Let us be moving. Phrygia, take the child, and keep him amused, call in the dog, and shut the street door.

Theocritus (translated by ANDREW LANG)

Keeping to one woman is a small price for so much as seeing one woman.

G. K. CHESTERTON

PLUS ÇA CHANGE . . .

. . . They dip their wool in hot water according to the ancient plan, all of them without exception, and never make the slightest innovation. They sit and cook, as of old. They carry upon their heads,

as of old. They conduct the Themophoriæ, as of old. They wear out their husbands, as of old. They buy sweets, as of old.

ARISTOPHANES

Thus the average woman is under none of the common masculine illusions about elective affinities, soul mates, love at first sight, and such phantasms. She is quite ready to fall in love, as the phrase is, with any man who is plainly eligible, and she usually knows a good many more such men than one. Her primary demand in marriage is not for the agonies of romance, but for comfort and security; she is thus easier satisfied than a man, and oftener happy. One frequently hears of remarried widowers who continue to moon about the dead first wives, but for a remarried widow to show any such sentimentality would be a nine days' wonder. Once replaced, a dead husband is expunged from the minutes. And so is a dead love.

From *In Defence of Women*, by H. L. MENCKEN

A woman's the most inconsistent compound of obstinacy and self-sacrifice that I am acquainted with.

RICHTER

She has greeny-brown eyes which twinkle at a man and slay him.

A. P. HERBERT

When I say that I know women, I mean that I know that I don't know them. Every single woman

I ever knew is a puzzle to me, as I have no doubt she is to herself.

THACKERAY

In the beginning, said a Persian poet, Allah took a rose, a lily, a dove, a serpent, a little honey, a Dead Sea apple, and a handful of clay; when he looked at the amalgam—it was a woman.

WILLIAM SHARP

When she inveighed eloquently against the evils of capitalism at drawing-room meetings and Fabian conferences she was conscious of a comfortable feeling that the system, with all its inequalities and iniquities, would probably last her time. It is one of the consolations of middle-aged reformers that the good they inculcate must live after them if it is to live at all.

From *Beasts and Super-beasts*, by SAKI

“A LONG-SUFFERING CLASS”

Molière, in answer to the question why in some kingdoms the king was of age at fourteen years, but could not marry until he was eighteen, replied:

“Because it is more difficult to rule a wife than a kingdom.”

The same view is held—and expounded at much greater length—in a letter which appeared recently in the *Daily Mirror*, from “A Man with the Nerve to Grouse.”

“Speaking from observation and from experience

I find that every wife expects her husband to be a money-maker. Being anxious to make a hit with Friend Wife, husband rolls up his sleeves and goes to work. He toils early and late, and expects wife to pat him on the back and tell him what a fine provider he is, and how happy she is because she has got such a good man.

"But does that happen? Take another guess at it. Wife moans because she is married to a sordid creature who thinks of nothing but business, who neglects her for his job.

"But if she marries a play-boy, who can dance like a gigolo and who knows all the head waiters by their first names, but doesn't know how to make money, is she any better satisfied? Not a bit.

"So there we poor husbands are, between the devil and the deep blue sea. We don't know whether to spend our time working for our wives to keep them soft and easy, or whether we had better sit holding their hands and telling them how beautiful and wonderful they are. We don't even know whether or not to go domestic after we are married. . . ."

Ful fetis¹ was hir cloke, as I was war²
 Of smal coral about hir arm she bar
 A peir of bedes, gauded al with grene;
 And ther-on hung a broche of gold ful shene,
 On which ther was first write a crowned A
 And after, *Amor Vincit omnia*.

CHAUCER

¹ Neat.² Aware.

There are only two kinds of women, the plain and the coloured.

OSCAR WILDE

St. Colomba of Ireland made a law that neither a woman nor a cow should be allowed on the island of Iona; "for," he said, "where there is a cow there will be a woman, and where there is a woman there will be mischief."

(Women) are Society's hard-drilled soldiery.

GEORGE MEREDITH

"Let us never be blind," said Mr. Pumblechook, "to her faults of temper, but it is to be hoped she means well."

CHARLES DICKENS

He was blest with more than any reasonable man would ask for; and the most clamant of these superfluities appeared to him to be his wife.

C. BRANCH CABELL

Before the woman employee of twenty-one can master a tenth of the idiotic "knowledge" in the head of the male clerk of thirty, or even convince herself that it is worth mastering, she has married the head of the establishment or maybe the clerk himself, and so abandons the business. It is, indeed, not until a woman has definitely put away the hope of marriage, or, at all events, admitted the possi-

bility that she may have to do so soon or late, that she buckles down in earnest to whatever craft she practises, and makes a genuine effort to develop competence.

From In Defence of Women, by H. L. MENCKEN

. . . and there *are* others—the girl, for instance, who reads Meredith, and appears at meals with unnatural punctuality in a frock that's made at home and repented at leisure.

From Reginald and Reginald in Russia, by SAKI

The Ark had probably not quitted its last moorings five minutes before some feminine voice gloatingly recorded a shortage of bird-seed.

From Reginald and Reginald in Russia, by SAKI

Every normal woman believes, and quite accurately, that the average man is very much like her husband, John, and she knows very well that John is a weak, silly and knavish fellow, and that any effort to convert him into an archangel overnight is bound to come to grief. As for her view of the average creature of her own sex, it is marked by a cynicism so penetrating and so destructive that a clear statement of it would shock beyond endurance.

From In Defence of Women, by H. L. MENCKEN

I don't mind plain women being Puritans. It is the only excuse they have for being plain.

OSCAR WILDE

If men knew all that women think, they would be twenty times more audacious.

I will be perfectly frank. Feminists throw stones at me, point me out as a weak, silly woman. I don't care. *I like a man to be the boss. . . . I must say I do like a man who can give someone a good sock on the jaw!*

JEAN BURNUP in *Daily Express*

SCHOOL FOR WIVES

A wife, on her part, ought to spend some time in learning how to open a newspaper and look at it without reducing it to the condition of a bell tent that has been blown up by a bomb. Most sensible men have two newspapers delivered every morning, because once a woman has glanced at the woman's page she contrives to hand the paper back to him inside out, half the sheets upside down, and the remainder folded in half, while she has mutilated the leading article because on the other side of it she wanted a coupon to send for a sample of something she doesn't want, but which she couldn't resist because it was free.

ROBERT MAGILL

THEN AND NOW

19th Century: Since the customs of society have awarded to man the privilege of making the first

advance towards matrimony, it is the safest and happiest way for woman to leave the matter entirely in his hands. . . .

MRS. FARRER

20th Century: If you haven't any contacts, put your hat right on and go out and start making them. . . .

MISS HILLIS

ANOTHER ARGUMENT FOR BOBBED HAIR

I found this quotation in a novel called *Blotted Out*, in an old number of the *Illustrated London News*.

"A foolish, irresistible, spoony impulse seized me to go out to the wilderness and gather a bunch of wild flowers, in memory of that first day of Theo's coming, when I went to sleep with my head on Claire's lap. . . . I obey the impulse; I gather them from the very spot on which he lounged; I tie them up with some of my own glittering hair, which I tear from my head at the cost of much pain to myself; and when I have done this I look up at the sound of a light, cheerful whistle, and he is standing before me."

Good old Victorians! You could not parody them, if you tried!

Women give to men the very gold of their lives . . . but they invariably want it back in such very small change.

OSCAR WILDE

One should never trust a woman who tells one her real age. A woman who would tell one that would tell one anything.

OSCAR WILDE

Dans les premières passions, les femmes aiment l'amant; et dans les autres, elles aiment l'amour.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

La plupart des femmes ne pleurent pas tant la perte d'un amant, pour montrer qu'elles ont aimé, que pour paraître dignes d'être aimées.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

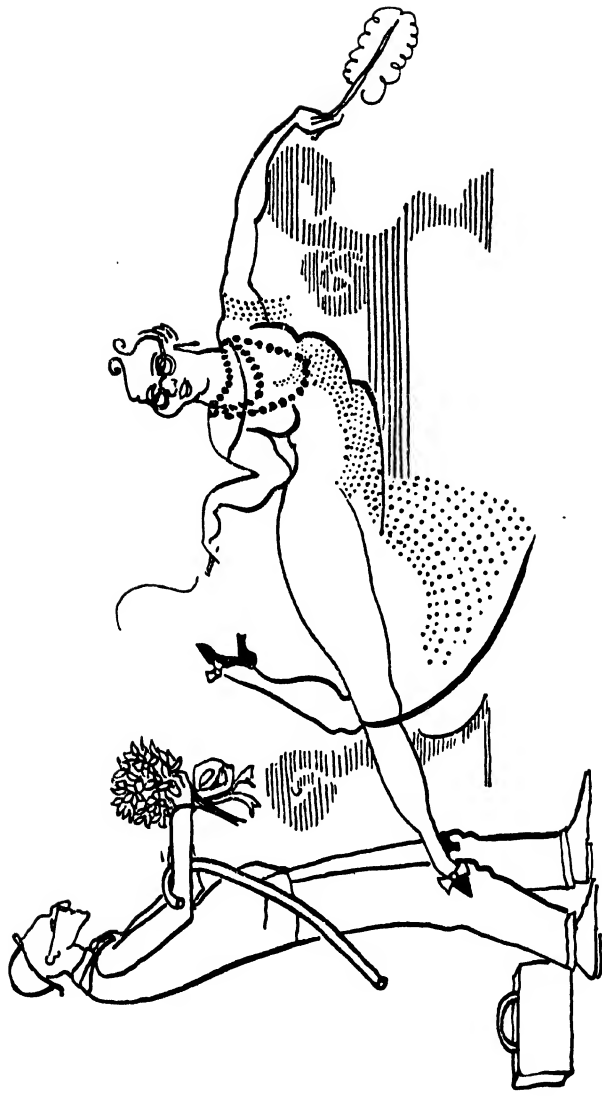
Men always want to be a woman's first love. That is their clumsy vanity. We women have a more subtle instinct about things. What we like is to be a man's last romance.

OSCAR WILDE

"... If I am to speak of womanly virtues to those of you who will henceforth be widows, let me sum them up in one short admonition: To a woman not to show more weakness than is natural to her sex in a great glory, and not to be talked about for good or for evil among men."

THUCYDIDES

Clothes are more important than ever. Women constructed them originally as a defence against



Men always want to be a woman's first love. That is their clumsy vanity. We women have a more subtle instinct about things. What we like is to be a man's last romance

men. They are now their offensive against their own sex.

SHANE LESLIE

It was formerly the custom in many churches for the parish clerk to read the lessons. One clerk could not be broken of the custom he had formed of passing remarks on what he had read. He had read the Lesson containing the story of Sisera and Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, and when he had finished he said in a voice audible to the whole congregation: "What things they women be! Bad lot, bad lot, all of 'em."

From *The Parish Clerk*, by P. H. DITCHFIELD

RECIPE FOR HAPPY MARRIAGE

All the best marriages are fifty-fifty propositions. When your wife spends fifty pounds for a coat, you are entitled to a fifty-shilling suit.

If you are a man and go to the cinema, don't compare your wife with Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford or Ginger Rogers—to the detriment of the dear creature. Remember that she may be comparing you with Tyrone Power, Robert Taylor and the other handsome brutes.

EDDIE CANTOR in the *Sunday Express*

OBITER DICTUM

However much you dislike your mother-in-law you must not set fire to her.

The late SIR ERNEST WILD, K.C.

"I might have a fiery temper, but my wife is always springing bombshells."

Man at Willesden Police Court

THE ETERNAL STRUGGLE

Keeping your earning capacity up to your wife's yearning capacity.

"Orange Blossom," he remarked, "is quite the fox's brush of female life."

R. S. SURTEES

SLIMMING NOTE

You cannot eat your cake and have "It."

The modern woman's bathing costume has to be believed to be seen.

Punch

THE GROWING SIMPLICITY OF LIFE

"I remember the time when it took ten sheep to clothe a woman; now a single silkworm can do it."

MR. THOMAS LEVY, M.P.

THE DAILY ROUND

Knitting gives women something to think about when they're talking.

John Hay, out of the disillusionments of his experience as Ambassador, lashed out with: "There

are three species of creatures who when they seem coming are going. When they seem going they come: diplomats, women and crabs."

Looking Behind the Censorships, EUGENE J. YOUNG

BEAUTY TRIUMPHS

"'Tis a great matter," saith Xenophon, "and of which all fair persons may worthily brag, that a strong man must labour for his living if he will have ought, a valiant man must fight and endanger himself for it, a wise man speak, show himself and toil; but a fair and beautiful person doth all with ease, he compasseth his desire without any pains-taking."

THOMAS BURTON

FASHIONS

BATHING IN THE MID-NINETEENTH CENTURY

What lady would traverse the passages of a house with nothing on but a bathing gown and slippers? What peeping and prying and listening there would be at the door before she broke cover, and what a hurrying and scuttling there would be after she once got away. If she should happen to meet a man she would never get over it. Yet here in the broad face of day, with myriads of gazers and regiments of telescopes, they come out with the greatest of coolness and deliberation, and walk unconcernedly into the sea! So much for a "Pure mind in a pure body," as the advertisement says.

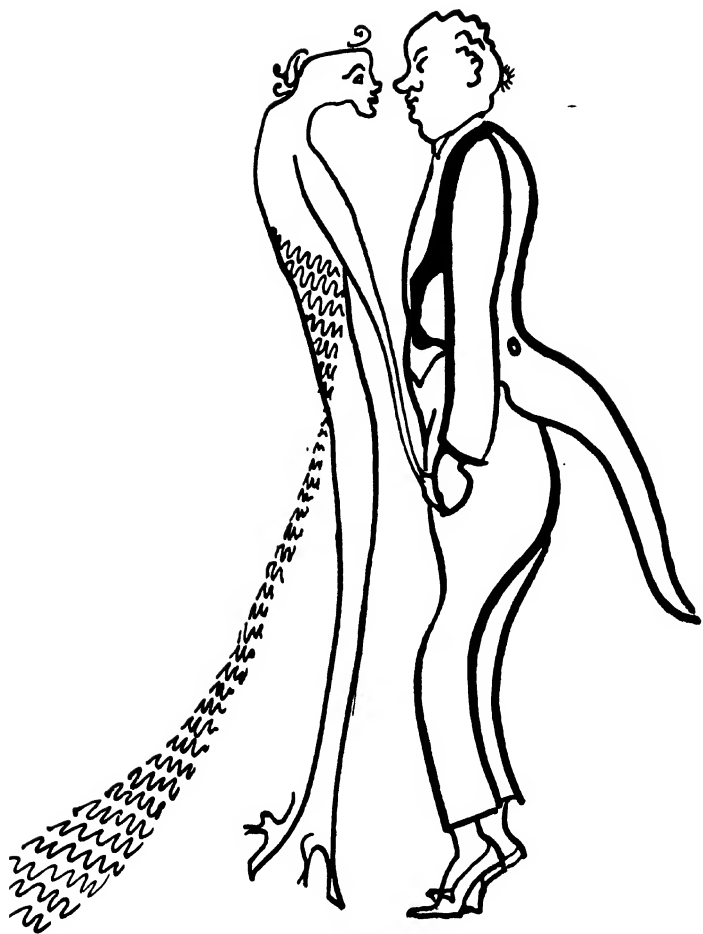
R. S. SURTEES

I amused myself with reflexion on the oddities of woman's conduct. If you show them too much eagerness, they become less affectionate, or if they still have some principles of virtue they weary you with their regrets and their repentance.

The moment you become indifferent their affection blooms again, or their remorse vanishes.

DUC DE RICHELIEU

As some one said of Talleyrand, that you might kick him behind without his countenance betraying a change, so a man might have kissed Emma Flather for half an hour without raising a blush on her cheeks. Indeed, she was a fine piece of animated statuary—and as cold withal. A provoking sort of girl. Not exactly pretty enough to fall in love with, for her looks, and yet dangerous with her looks and blandishments combined. She was desperately enthusiastic; could assume raptures at the sight of a daisy, or weep o'er the fate of a fly in a slop-basin. Moreover, she had a smattering of accomplishments, could sing, and play, embroider, work worsteds, murder French and Italian, and had a knack of talking and pretending to a great deal more talent than she possessed. This taste for exaggeration she carried into other matters; she had a fine fertile imagination—frequently fancied herself a great heiress—talked of the beauty of her aunt's place in Dorsetshire—insinuated that she was to inherit it, with a vast number of other little self-enhancements,



They become less affectionate

plainly showing that her education had not been neglected.

R. S. SURTEES

Woman is absolute and undeniable. Man moves, his spirit flies here and there, but you can't go beyond a woman. From her man is born and to her he returns for his ultimate need of body and soul. She is like earth and death to which all return.

FRIEDA LAWRENCE

Il faut juger des femmes depuis la chaussure jusqu'à la coiffure exclusivement, à peu près comme on medure le poisson entre queue et tête.

LA BRUYÈRE

Les femmes ne connaissant pas toute leur coquetterie.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

FRIENDSHIP

Etre avec les gens qu'on aime, cela suffit; rêver, leur parler, ne leur parler point, penser à eux, penser à des choses plus indifférentes, mais auprès d'eux, tout est égal.

LA BRUYÈRE

A woman's friendship borders more closely on love than a man's. Men affect each other in the

reflection of noble or friendly acts; whilst women ask fewer proofs and more signs and expressions of attachment.

S. T. COLERIDGE

Woman, beguiling man, herself beguiles
With hopes that all too quickly turn to fears.
She lights a conflagration with her smiles
And vainly seeks to quench it with her tears.

COLIN D. B. ELLIS

THE MAGPIE AND THE EEL

I woll tell you an ensauple of a woman that ete the good morsell in the absence of her husbonde. Ther was a woman that had a pie¹ in a cage, that spake and wolde tell talys that she saw do. And so it happed that her husbonde made kepe a gret ele in a litell ponde in his gardin, to that entent to yeue it sum of his frendes that wolde come to see hym; but the wyfe, whanne her husbonde was oute, saide to her maide, "late us ete the gret ele, y will saie to my husbonde that the otour hathe eten hym"; and so it was done. And whan the good man was come, the pye began to tell hym how her maistresse had eten the ele. And he yode to the ponde, and fonde not the ele. And he asked his wiff wher the ele was become. And she wende to have excused her, but he saide her, "excuse you not, for y wote well ye have eten yt, for the pye hathe told me." And so

¹ Magpie.

ther was gret noyse between the man and hys wiff for etinge of the ele. But whanne the good man was gone, the maistresse and the maide come to the pie, and plucked of all the fedres on the pyes hede, saieng "thou hast discovered us of the ele"; and thus was the pore pye plucked. But ever after, whanne the pie sawe a balled or a pilled man, or a woman with an high forhede, the pye saide to hem, "ye spake of the ele." And therfor here is an ensauple that no woman shulde ete no lycorous morcelles in the absens and withoute weting of her husbonde, but yef it so were that it be with folk of worshipp, to hem chere; for this woman was afterwards mocked for the pye and the ele.

THE KNIGHT DE LA TOUR LANDRY

"WIGGLE-WAGGLE"

Dr. Johnson could make nothing of Poll Carmichael when he talked to her "tightly and closely." "She was wiggle-waggle, and Sir, I never could persuade her to be categorical."

JAMES BOSWELL

PRYNNE ON SHINGLING

Our English gentlewomen are now grown so far past shame, modesty, grace and nature, as to clip their hair like men, and to make this whorish cut the very guise and fashion of their times, to the eternal infamy of their sex, their nation and the great scandal of religion.

“THE GREATEST WOMAN”

“Whom do you consider the greatest woman?” asked Mme. de Staël of Napoleon.

“She, madame,” he replied “who furnishes the most cannon fodder at her country’s need.”

A large and still increasing family, an husband disabled for active service, but not the less equal to company and good liquor, and a very small income to supply their wants, made her eager to regain the friends she had carelessly sacrificed.

JANE AUSTEN

Dr. Grant and Mrs. Norris were seldom good friends. Their acquaintance had begun in dilapidations, and their habits were totally dissimilar.

JANE AUSTEN

The man-hating woman, like the cold woman, is largely imaginary. One often encounters references to her in literature, but who has ever met her in real life? As for me, I doubt that such a monster has ever actually existed.

From *In Defence of Women*, by H. L. MENCKEN

III. MARRIAGE

A perfect marriage is a hearth and a horizon.

PRINCESS ANTOINE BIBESCO

Marriage resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them.

SYDNEY SMITH

Marriage is a ghastly public confession of a strictly private intention.

IAN HAY

YOUNG WIFE: "I've been trying to figure out where my husband spends his evenings. Last night I came home early, and there he was."

JACK HULBERT

MARRIAGE

One of the shrewdest of men once remarked:
"Woe to any man whose wife is not as a thorn in his side!"

ATTICUS, in the *Sunday Times*

In love it is only the commencement that charms. I am not surprised that we find pleasure in frequently recommencing.

"A woman worries about the future until she gets a husband, while a man never worries about the future till he gets a wife."

Montreal Gazette

Love never dies of starvation, but often of indigestion.

NINON DE L'ENCLOS

Some one asked Sydney Smith whether a certain Bishop was going to get married. "Perhaps he may," was the answer; "yet how can a Bishop marry? How can he flirt? The most he can say is, 'I will see you in the vestry after service.' "

NOT SLEEPING SICKNESS

"My wife and I suffer from alternate insomnia—whichever gets to sleep first keeps the other awake all night."



In love it is only the commencement that charms. I am not surprised that we find pleasure in frequently recommencing

A NOTABLE PRODUCTION

Because his wife nagged him for playing billiards, Mitar Filepovic, of Sremska, played a game lasting ninety-six hours to spite her. At the end of the game he collapsed from exhaustion.

News Item

Wives are young men's mistresses; companions for middle age; and old men's nurses. So as a man may have a quarrel to marry when he will. But yet he was reputed one of the wise men that made answer to the question, when a man should marry? *A young man not yet, an elder man not at all.* It is often seen that bad husbands have very good wives; whether it be that it raiseth the price of their husband's kindness when it comes; or that the wives take a pride in their patience. But this never fails, if the bad husbands were of their own choosing, against their friends' consent; for then they will be sure to make good their own folly.

FRANCIS BACON

To love, that is all that matters. To lavish love, even on objects unworthy of it is infinitely better than living a cold, ordered life in a study, in an office, or even in a garden tending flowers. It is only through opening one's arms to life that one will find the ultimate peace and security.

FRANCIS STUART

My love has made me selfish. I cannot exist without you. I am forgetful of everything but seeing you again—my life seems to stop there—I see no further. You have absorb'd me. I have a sensation at the present moment as though I was dissolving—I should be exquisitely miserable without the hope of soon seeing you. My sweet Fanny, will your heart never change? My love, will it? I have no limit now to my love. . . . Your note came in—just here. I cannot be happier away from you. 'Tis richer than an argosy of Pearles. Do not thwart me even in jest. I have been astonished that men could die Martyrs for religion—I have shuddered at it. I shudder no more—I could be martyr'd for my Religion—Love is my religion. I could die for that. I could die for you.

JOHN KEATS (in a letter to Fanny Brawne)

As regards marriage we are all, even the most knowing of us, in the lap of the gods. The best we can hope for is that the gods won't open their knees and drop us on the floor.

SIR SEYMOUR HICKS

Wives be such a provoking class of society, because, though they be never right, they be never more than half wrong.

THOMAS HARDY

I have been so often in love, that I have serious thoughts of paying my addresses to—my tea-kettle. I have found her a very warm friend. She sings, too.



*As regards marriage we are all—even the most knowing of us—
in the lap of the gods*

And you know how fond I am of music. On a winter's night, after a well-spent day, with a volume of poetry, a volume of Dr. Johnson and a new Scottish novel, when the wind is blowing, and

pattering the rain against one's window; then, sweet is the song of the kettle—sweeter to the studious man than a crying child or a scolding wife.

WILLIAM ETTY

“Now,” said he, “that you are going to marry, do not expect more from life than life will afford. You may often find yourself out of humour, and you may often think your wife not studious enough to please you; and yet you may have reason to consider yourself as upon the whole very happily married.”

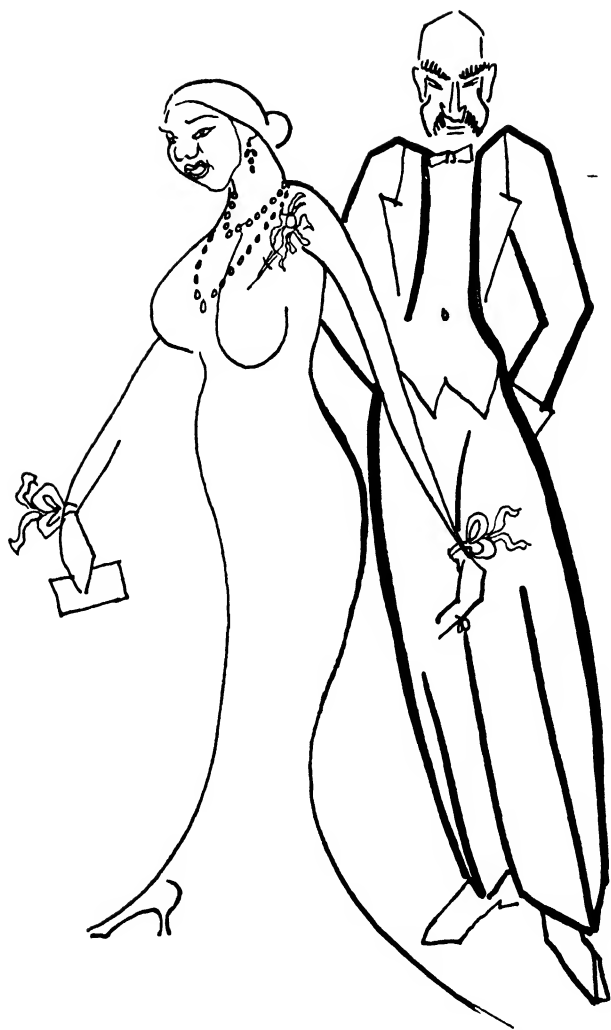
I was volatile enough to repeat to him a little epigrammatic song of mine¹ on matrimony, which Mr. Garrick had, a few days before, procured to be set to music.

A MATRIMONIAL THOUGHT

In the blithe days of honey-moon,
With Kate's allurements smitten,
I loved her late, I loved her soon,
And called her dearest kitten.

But now my kitten's grown a cat,
And cross like other wives;
Oh! by my soul, my honest Mat,
I fear she has nine lives.

¹ In convivial society Boswell used to sing songs of his own composition.



*As long as one is seen together in public, one's private divergences
don't matter*

My illustrious friend said, "It is very well, Sir; but you should not swear." Upon which I altered "Oh! by my soul," to "Alas, alas!"

BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*

Nobody can think more highly of matrimony than myself. I consider the blessing of a wife as most justly described in those discreet lines of the poet, "Heaven's *last* best gift."

JANE AUSTEN

I regard one's hair as I regard husbands: as long as one is seen together in public, one's private divergences don't matter.

SAKI

. . . for besides her looks she has that certain something that goes out across the footlights and hits every male character smack-dab in the kisser and makes him hate to go home and gaze upon his ever-loving wife.

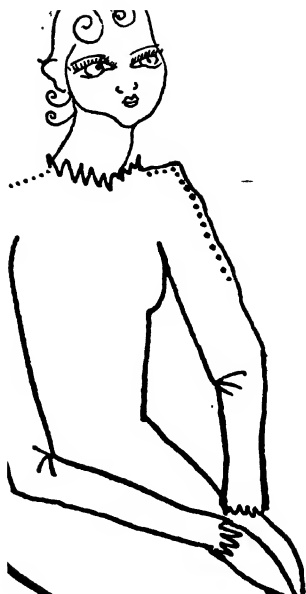
DAMON RUNYON

FEMININE PSYCHOLOGY

"Do you think I'm too young to marry, aunt?"

"If I had my time over again, dear," replied the old maid, "I'd get married before I had sense enough not to."

"Tell me, too, whether you think there is any reciprocal feeling. She seemed to say 'No'—and to



"Do you think I'm too young to marry, aunt?"

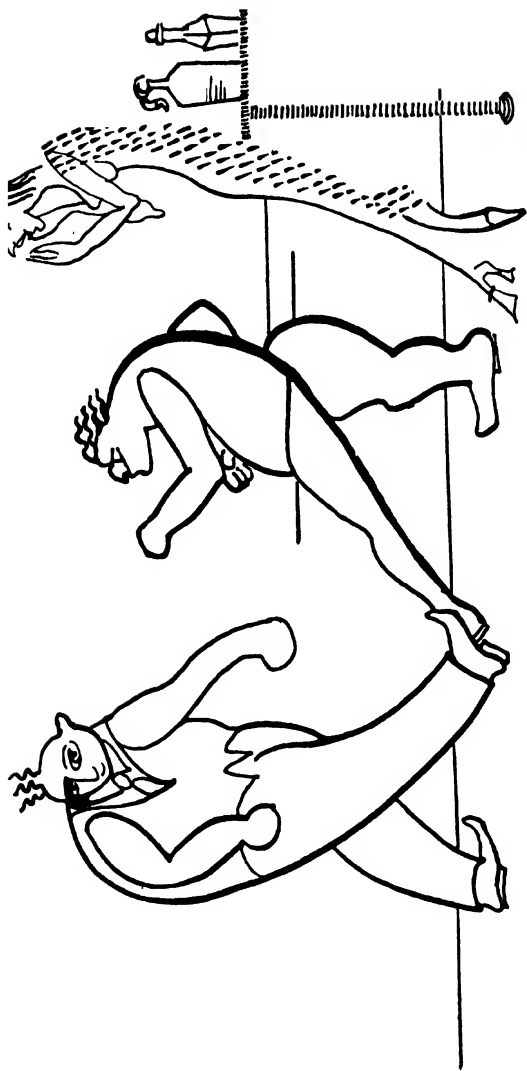
act 'Yes.' The sea of conjecture in which I am tossed almost drowns me."

WILLIAM ETTY (in a letter)

. . . Well, my young gentleman, as I have said, was a sort of universal lover, and made a sort of half-declaration to half the young women he knew: sincerely for the moment to all: but with more permanent earnestness, more constant return, to me than to any other. If I had met him with equal earnestness, if I could have said or implied to him in any way, "Take me while you may, or think of me no more," I am persuaded I should not now write myself spinster. But I wrapped myself up in reserve. I thought it fitting that all advances should come from him: that I should at most show nothing more than willingness to hear, not even the semblance of anxiety to receive them. So nothing came of our love but remembrance and regret. Another girl, whom I am sure he loved less, but who understood him better, acted towards him as I ought to have done, and became his wife. Therefore, my dear, I applaud your moral courage, and regret that I had it not when the occasion required it.

T. L. PEACOCK

. . . Yet wasn't marriage, like life, unstimulating and unprofitable and somewhat empty when well-ordered and protected and guarded. Wasn't it finer, more splendid, more nourishing, when it was, like



*Wasn't it finer, more splendid, more nourishing, when it was, like life itself, a mixture of the sordid
and the magnificent?*

life itself, a mixture of the sordid and the magnificent ; of mud and stars ; of earth and flowers ; of love and hate and laughter and tears and ugliness and beauty and hurt?

EDNA FERBER

LOVE-MAKING IN THE MIDDLE AGES

He lulleth her, he kisseth her full ofte
With thikke bristles of his berd¹ unsofte,
Like to the skin of houndfish, sharp as brere,²
For he was shave al newe in his manere. . . .

CHAUCER

PROS AND CONS

But what do I trouble myself, to find arguments to persuade to, or commend marriage? Behold a brief abstract of all that which I have said, and much more, succinctly, pithily, pathetically, perspicuously, and elegantly delivered in twelve motions to mitigate the miseries of marriage, by Jacobus de Voragine.

1. Hast thou means? thou hast none to keep and increase it.
2. Hast none? thou hast one to help to get it.
3. Art in prosperity? thine happiness is doubled.
4. Art in adversity? she'll comfort, assist, bear a part of thy burden to make it more tolerable.
5. Art at home? she'll drive away melancholy.

¹ Beard.

² Briar.

6. Art abroad? she looks after thee going from home, wishes for thee in thine absence, and joyfully welcomes thy return.
7. There's nothing delightsome without society, no society so sweet as matrimony.
8. The band of conjugal love is adamantine.
9. The sweet company of kinsmen increaseth; the number of parents is doubled, of brothers, sisters, nephews.
10. Thou art made a father by a fair and happy issue.
11. Moses curseth the barrenness of matrimony, how much more a single life?
12. If nature escape not punishment, surely thy will shall not avoid it.

All this is true, say you, and who knows it not? But how easy a matter is it to answer these motives, and to make an *Antiparodia* quite opposite unto it? To exercise myself I will essay:

1. Hast thou means? thou hast one to spend it.
2. Hast none? thy beggary is increased.
3. Art in prosperity? thy happiness is ended.
4. Art in adversity? like Job's wife she'll aggravate thy misery, vex thy soul, make thy burden intolerable.
5. Art at home? she'll scold thee out of doors.
6. Art abroad? If thou be wise, keep thee so, she'll perhaps graft horns in thine absence, scowl on thee coming home.
7. Nothing gives more content than solitariness, no solitariness like this of a single life.

8. The band of marriage is adamantine, no hope of losing it, thou art undone.
9. Thy number increaseth, thou shalt be devoured by thy wife's friends.
10. Thou art made a cornuto by an unchaste wife, and shalt bring up other folks' children instead of thine own.
11. Paul commends marriage, yet he prefers a single life.
12. Is marriage honourable? What an immortal crown belongs to virginity!

THOMAS BURTON

On Tuesday, March 31st, he and I dined at General Paoli's. A question was started, whether the state of marriage was natural to man. JOHNSON: "Sir, it is so far from being natural for a man and woman to live in a state of marriage, that we find all the motives which they have for remaining in that connection, and the restraints which civilized society imposes to prevent separation, are hardly sufficient to keep them together." The General said, that in a state of nature a man and woman uniting together, would form a strong and constant affection, by the mutual pleasure each would receive; and that the same causes of dissension would not arise between them, as occur between husband and wife in a civilized state. JOHNSON: "Sir, they would have dissensions enough, though of another kind. One would choose to go a hunting in this wood, the other in that; one would

choose to go a fishing in this lake, the other in that; or, perhaps, one would choose to go a hunting, when the other would choose to go a fishing; and so they would part. Besides, Sir, a savage man and a savage woman meet by chance; and when the man sees another woman that pleases him better, he will leave the first."

BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*

Marry, or marry not—you will always regret it.

HANS RICHTER

If you are afraid of loneliness, do not marry.

CHEKHOV

Marriage is a step so grave and decisive that it attracts light-hearted men by its very awfulness.

R. L. STEVENSON

Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures.

DR. JOHNSON

Marriage is like a beleaguered fortress; those who are without want to get in, and those within to get out.

QUITTARD

SAGE ADVICE

Fair sister, if you have another husband after me, know that you should think much of his comfort, for after a woman has lost her first husband she com-



afraid of loneliness, do not marry

monly finds it difficult to find another according to her estate, and she remains lonely and disconsolate for a long time; and more so still, if she lose the second. Wherefore cherish the person of your husband carefully, and I pray you, keep him in clean linen, for 'tis your business. And because the care of outside affairs lieth with men, so must a husband take heed, and go and come and journey hither and thither, in rain and wind, in snow and hail, now drenched, now dry, now sweating, now shivering, ill-fed, ill-lodged, ill-warmed and ill-bedded; and nothing harms him, because he is upheld by the hope that he has of his wife's care of him on his return, and of the ease, the joys and the pleasures which she will do to him, or cause to be done to him in her presence; to have his shoes removed before a good fire, his feet washed and to have fresh shoes and stockings, to be given food and drink, to be well served and well looked after, well bedded in white sheets and night-caps, well covered with good furs, and assuaged with other joys and amusements, privities, loves, and secrets, concerning which I am silent; and on the next day fresh shirts and garments. Certes, fair sister, such service maketh a man love and desire to return to his home and to see his goodwife, and to be distant with other women.

And therefore I counsel you to make such cheer to your husband at all his comings and goings and to persevere therein; and also to be peaceable with him and remember the rustic proverb, which saith

that there be three things which drive the goodman from home, to wit, a dripping roof, a smoking chimney and a scolding woman. Wherefore, fair sister, I pray you that in order to keep yourself in love and good favour with your husband, you be unto him gentle, amiable and debonair.

The Menagier of Paris

For talk six times with the same single lady,
And you may get the wedding dresses ready.

BYRON

No doubt there are slavish women as well as slavish men; and women, like men, admire those that are stronger than themselves. But to admire a strong person and to live under that strong person's thumb are two different things. The weak may not be admired and hero-worshipped; but they are by no means disliked or shunned; and they never seem to have the least difficulty in marrying people who are too good for them. They may fail in emergencies; but life is not one long emergency; it is mostly a string of situations for which no exceptional strength is needed, and with which even rather weak people can cope if they have a stronger partner to help them out. Accordingly, it is a truth everywhere in evidence that strong people, masculine or feminine, not only do not marry stronger people, but do not shew any preference for them in selecting their friends. When a lion meets another with a louder roar "the first

lion thinks the last a bore." The man or woman who feels strong enough for two, seeks for every other quality in a partner than strength.



people want to marry strong people who do not frighten them too much

The converse is also true. Weak people want to marry strong people who do not frighten them too much; and this often leads them to make the mistake

we describe metaphorically as "biting off more than they can chew." They want too much for too little; and when the bargain is unreasonable beyond all bearing, the union becomes impossible; it ends in the weaker party being either discarded or borne as a cross, which is worse. People who are not only weak, but silly or obtuse as well, are often in these difficulties.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

RENÉ: Well, be patient for a moment, I'm going to say something quite personal and interesting. Will you marry me? The question is sudden, I admit, but these things are best done suddenly. I suppose it was the mention of your great-aunt that suggested it.

CLARE: The answer is equally sudden. It's "No."

RENÉ: Are you quite sure you mean that?

CLARE: Convinced.

RENÉ: How thoroughly sensible of you. So many girls in your place would have said "Yes."

CLARE: I dare say. Our sex hasn't much reputation for discrimination. I didn't know that marrying was in your line.

RENÉ: It isn't. I dislike the idea of wives about a house: they accumulate dust. Besides, so few of the really nice women in my set could afford to marry me.

SAKI

MR. FORESTER: As to what is usually called beauty, mere symmetry of form and features, it would be an

object with me in purchasing a statue, but none whatever in choosing a wife. Let her countenance be the mirror of such qualities as I have described, and she cannot be otherwise than beautiful. I think with the Athenians, that beauty and goodness are inseparable.

T. L. PEACOCK

The captain omitted no opportunity of pressing his suit on Lady Clarinda, but could never draw from her any reply but the same doctrines of worldly wisdom, delivered in a tone of *badinage*, mixed with a certain kindness of manner that induced him to hope she was not in earnest.

But the morning after they had anchored under the hills of the Dee—whether the lady had reflected more seriously than usual, or was somewhat less in good humour than usual, or the captain was more pressing than usual—she said to him: “It must not be, Captain Fitzchrome; ‘the course of true love never did run smooth’: my father must keep his borough, and I must have a town-house and a country-house, and an opera-box, and a carriage. It is not well for either of us that we should flirt any longer: ‘I must be cruel only to be kind.’ Be satisfied with the assurance that you alone, of all men, have ever broken my rest. To be sure, it was only for about three nights in all: but that is too much.”

The captain had *le cœur navré*. He took his portfolio under his arm, made up the little *valise* of a

pedestrian, and, without saying a word to any one, wandered off at random among the mountains.

T. L. PEACOCK

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

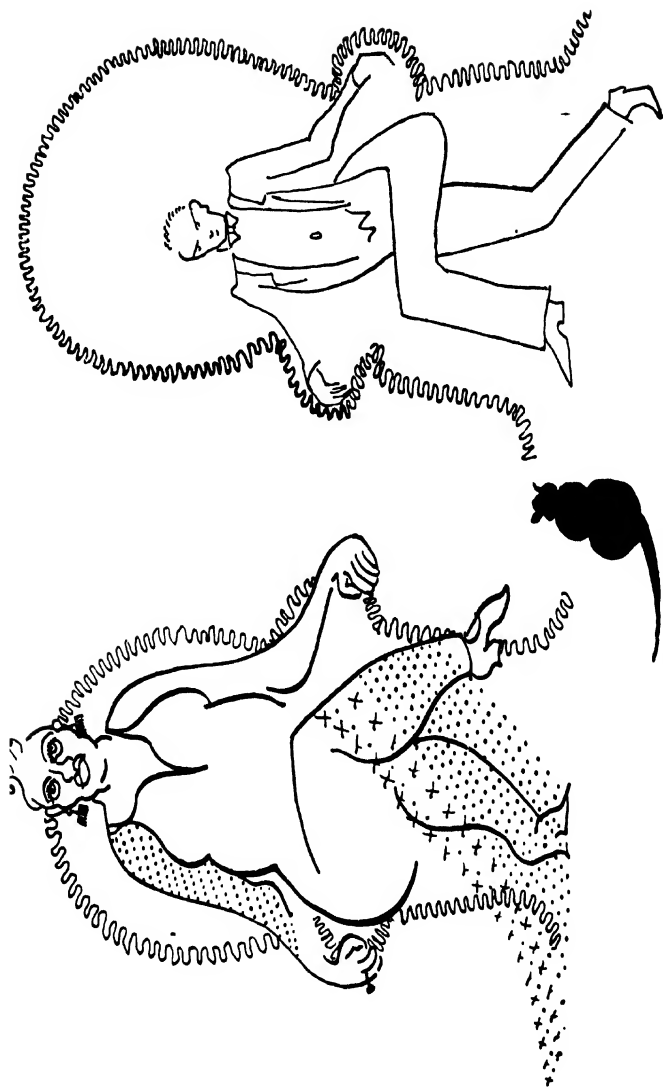
Quit, quit for shame! This will not move
This cannot take her
If of herself she will not love.
Nothing can make her;
The devil take her!

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

I gravely doubt whether women ever were married by capture. I think they pretended to be; as they do still.

G. K. CHESTERTON

There is Dostoievsky crawling to his wife on his hands and knees, begging her for her wedding-ring,



I gravely doubt whether women ever were married by capture

so that he may have one last gamble. There is Tolstoy the profligate and gambler, suddenly on fire with an ideal of purity and simplicity, going to extremes, cutting often a ludicrous figure. There is Balzac and Goethe and Shakespeare, prodigals of life, spend-thrifts, gamblers, adventurers, not studying life from a desk but in the midst of it.

FRANCIS STUART

When a woman marries again it is because she detested her first husband. When a man marries again it is because he adored his first wife. Women try their luck; men risk theirs!

OSCAR WILDE

Every time I hear a man and woman promise to love each other till death do them part, I wonder how long their glamour will last. I wonder how she will act when he drifts from being a lover into being a husband. I wonder how he will act when he finds her demanding where before she coaxed, complaining where before she admired.

There's no question about it. Marriage is a state most people wish to enjoy without paying the price. It demands forbearance and tact. Unfortunately, while a man or woman will listen to any explanation relating to a business complication, neither one nor the other will lend an ear to clear up in cool blood some slight misunderstanding. Both think the other should understand. And a gulf begins to form. . . .

You can't reason with two people who refuse to consider, far less sympathize with, each other's point of view. You can only be sorry that marriage is not run on business lines.

ELIZABETH CRAIG

Malheureusement vous et le monde, ma chère amie, savez que j'ai bien aimé Herman: eh bien, il me fut si cher au bout d'un quart d'heure, que depuis il n'a pas pu me le devenir davantage. Je voyais tous ses défauts, et je les lui pardonnais tous, pourvu qu'il m'aimât.

STENDHAL (*De l'amour*)

In my opinion the lasting success of this institution (marriage) arises from this: that profound happiness for a human couple cannot be conceived of outside an almost indissoluble union.

Almost all human beings (and often even those who seem to be surrounded by friends), suffer from loneliness. The only remedy for that is friendship, that is, the intimate union of two human beings, a union which allows complete trust, the sharing of secrets, and participation in each other's joys and sorrows. But perfect friendship is most rare. Between men it can be wonderful, but apart from exceptional cases, it is destroyed or at least impaired by the hazards of life: separation, change of environment, unequal success, marriage. Two destinies are brought together and almost merged for a time, then the

roads diverge anew and each finds himself alone. How can a man give his confidence unreservedly, if he thinks that he in whom he has confided will to-morrow be the confidant of another?

ANDRÉ MAUROIS

Both the bitter and the sweet of marriage the wise man keeps to himself. And among its other awkward conditions, one of the chief, to a communicative man like myself, is this, that custom makes it improper and prejudicial to confide to anybody all we know and feel about it.

MONTAIGNE

Good women are not found by the dozen, as everybody knows, and especially in the duties of marriage; for that is a bargain fraught with so many difficulties, that a woman's will is strained to keep to it entirely for long. The men, although they enter into it under somewhat better conditions, yet have enough to do to keep to it.

The touchstone of a good marriage, and its real proof, is the duration of the partnership, and whether it has been constantly pleasant, loyal and smooth. In our days the women more commonly reserve the display of their good offices and the strength of their affection for their husbands until after they have lost them; then at least they seek to give evidence of their goodwill. A tardy and unseasonable testimony! They prove thereby rather that they only love them when dead.

MONTAIGNE

Love is a circle that doth restless move
In the same sweet eternity of love.

R. HERRICK

THE CHOICE

A fool and knave with different views
For Julia's hand apply;
The knave, to mend his fortune, sues
The fool, to please his eye.

Ask you, how Julia will behave?
Depend on't for a rule,
If she's a fool she'll wed the knave
If she's a knave, the fool.

S. BISHOP

COURTSHIP

MR. COLLINS GIVES REASONS FOR MATRIMONY

The idea of Mr. Collins, with all his solemn composure, being run away with by his feelings, made Elisabeth so near laughing that she could not use the short pause he allowed in any attempt to stop him farther, and he continued:

“My reasons for marrying are, first, that I think it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances (like myself), to set the example of matrimony in his parish. Secondly, that I am convinced it will add very greatly to my happiness; and thirdly—which perhaps I ought to have mentioned earlier, that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the very noble lady whom I have the honour of

calling patroness. Twice has she condescended to give me her opinion (unasked, too!) on the subject, and it was but the very Saturday night before I left Hunsford—between our pools at quadrille, while Mrs. Jenkinson was arranging Miss de Bourgh's footstool, that she said, 'Mr. Collins, you must marry. A clergyman like you must marry. Choose properly, choose a gentlewoman for *my* sake; and for your *own*, let her be an active, useful sort of person, not brought up high, but able to make a small income go a good way. This is my advice. Find such a woman as soon as you can, bring her to Hunsford, and I will visit her.' Allow me, by the way, to observe, my fair cousin, that I do not reckon the notice and kindness of Lady Catherine de Bourgh as among the least of the advantages in my power to offer. You will find her manners beyond anything I can describe; and your wit and vivacity I think must be acceptable to her, especially when tempered with the silence and respect which her rank will inevitably excite. Thus much for my general intention in favour of matrimony; it remains to be told why my views were directed to Longbourn instead of my own neighbourhood, where I assure you there are many aimiable young women. But the fact is, that being as I am, to inherit this estate after the death of your honoured father (who, however, may live many years longer), I could not satisfy myself without resolving to choose a wife from among his daughters, that the loss to them might be as little as possible,

when the melancholy event takes place—which, however, as I have already said, may not be for several years. This has been my motive, my fair cousin, and I flatter myself it will not sink me in your esteem. And now nothing remains but for me to assure you in the most animated language of the violence of my affection. To fortune, I am perfectly indifferent, and shall make no demand of that nature on your father, since I am well aware that it could not be complied with; and that one thousand pounds in the 4 per cents which will not be yours till after your mother's decease, is all that you may ever be entitled to. On that head, therefore, I shall be uniformly silent; and you may assure yourself that no ungenerous reproach shall ever pass my lips when we are married."

It was absolutely necessary to interrupt him now.

"You are too hasty, Sir," she cried. "You forget that I have made no answer. Let me do it without farther loss of time. Accept my thanks for the compliment you are paying me. I am very sensible of the honour of your proposals, but it is impossible for me to do otherwise than decline them."

JANE AUSTEN

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Or woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-linèd slippers for the cold
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy-buds
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

“I should like now to promenade round your gardens—apple tasting—pear tasting—plum judging—apricot nibbling—peach scrunching—nectarine sucking and melon carving. I have also a great feeling for antiquated cherries full of sugar cracks—

and a white currant tree kept for company. I admire lolling on a lawn by a water-lillied pond to eat white currants and see gold fish; and go to the fair in the evening if I'm good."

KEATS (letter to his sister, Aug. 29, 1819)

There's nothing so dangerous as a young man staying in a country house with pretty girls. He is sure to fall in love with one or other of them imperceptibly, or one or other of them is sure to fall in love with him; and then, when at length he leaves, there is sure to be a little scene arranged, Miss with her red eye-lids and lace-fringed kerchief, Mamma with her smirks and smiles, and hopes that he'll "soon return," and so on. There are more matches made up in the country houses than in all the west end of London ones put together.

R. S. SURTEES

the first thing to remember is to git interested in yore man's work.

if it's pigs git interested in pigs and if it's leaky taps and cisterns like mr bumblin's git interested in leaky taps and cisterns.

as i 'ave said before most gentlemen prefer the larky sporty tipe, but there are also those wot prefers the quiet moony tipe so you will 'ave to be larky and sporty or quiet and moony accordin' to the man you are chasin'.

NATHANIEL GUBBINS, in the *Sunday Express*

"Ah, Miss Dorothy! you don't know what it is to fall in love. It tears a man up by the roots, like a gale of wind."

T. L. PEACOCK

"I sometimes figure I am in love with this big bloke, but," she says, "maybe it is only gas pushing up around my heart."

DAMON RUNYON

Jenny kissed me when we met
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.

Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me!

LEIGH HUNT

I dare not ask a kiss
I dare not beg a smile
Lest having that, or this,
I might go proud the while.

No, no, the utmost share
Of my desire, shall be,
Only to kiss that air
That lately kissed thee.

R. HERRICK



*You don't know what it is to fall in love. It tears a man up by
the roots, like a gale of wind*

LOVE'S BREVITY

Que l'heure est donc brève
Qu'on passe en aimant !
C'est moins qu'un moment,
Un peu plus qu'un rêve.
Le temps nous enlève
Notre enchantement.

ALPHONSE DAUDET

LOVE'S SECRET

Never seek to tell thy love,
Love that never told can be
For the gentle wind doth move
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love
I told her all my heart,
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears.
Ah ! she did depart !

Soon after she was gone from me
A traveller came by,
Silently, invisibly :
He took her with a sigh.

WILLIAM BLAKE

HAPPINESS IN MARRIAGE

For nothing is greater or better than this, when
man and wife dwell in the house in harmony, a great
grief to the foes, and a joy to their friends, but their
own hearts know it best.

HOMER (*Odyssey*)

I believe that there was never greater sweet in love than that which moderately springs of honest Matrimonie.

TASSO (translated by Thomas Kyd, 1588)

Although I had promised myself a great deal of instructive conversation with him on the conduct of the married state, of which I had then a near prospect, he did not say much upon that topic. He maintained to me, contrary to the common notion, that a woman would not be the worse wife for being learned; in which, from all that I have observed, I humbly differed from him.

When I censured a gentleman of my acquaintance for marrying a second time, as it showed a disregard of his first wife, he said, "Not at all, Sir. On the contrary, were he not to marry again, it might be concluded that his first wife had given him a disgust to marriage; but by taking a second wife he pays the highest compliment to the first, by showing that she made him so happy as a married man, that he wishes to be so a second time."

BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*

" . . . even as the sight of the land is welcome to mariners, so welcome to her was the sight of her lord, and her white arms would never quite leave hold of his neck."

HOMER (*Odyssey*)

In God's name (he says) I believe that when two good and honourable people are wed, all other loves are put far off, destroyed and forgotten, save only the love of each for the other. And meseems that when they are in each other's presence, they look upon each other more than upon the others, they clasp and hold each other and they do not willingly speak or make sign save to each other. And when they are separated, they think of each other and say in their hearts, "When I see him I shall do thus and thus to him, or say this to him, I shall beseech him concerning this or that." And all their special pleasure, their chief desire and their perfect joy is to do pleasure and obedience one to the other, if they love one another.

The Menagier of Paris

Sweet is snow in summer for the thirsty to drink, and sweet for sailors after winter to see the crown of spring; but most sweet when one cloak hides two lovers, and the praise of love is told by both.

ASCLEPIADES (from the *Greek Anthology*)

See the mountains kiss high Heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What is all this sweet work worth,
If thou kiss not me?

SHELLEY

Quand on vient de voir la femme qu'on aime, la vue de toute autre femme gâte la vue, fait physiquement mal aux yeux; j'en vois le pourquoi.

STENDHAL (*De l'a*

Je ne sais point si je vous aime, mais je sais que je me plais près de vous, que votre regard m'est doux et que votre voix me caresse le cœur.

DE MAUPASSANT

A modern philosopher has said that marriage sets up a tension, and that its very existence depends on the preservation of that tension.

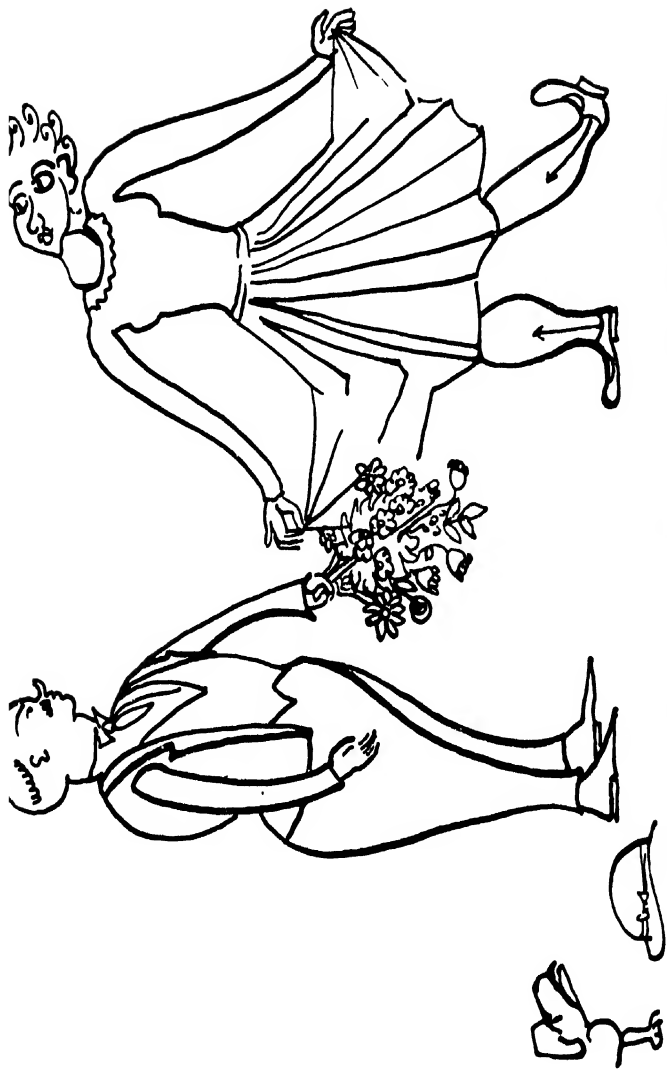
The fundamental principle of the art of marriage is the art of keeping an appropriate "distance," of maintaining the tension, of using a consciously practised reserve—in short, the very opposite of what lovers dream to be ideal.

If a relationship between a man and woman is to have any enduring qualities, if it is to be a tense dynamic creative relationship and not a limp association, a flabby life-stroll, then it must contain a reaction, a sort of clash between active and worth-while personalities: one that will stimulate each into a heightened appreciation of living and loving.

A Doctor in the *Daily Express*

To love and to be loved the wise would give
All that for which alone the unwise live.

W. S. LANDOR



To love and be loved the wise would give all that for which alone the unwise live

The real cause of the failure of marriage in western lands is that we expect it to be happy. If we could only learn to contemplate marriage, not as an instrument of unalloyed bliss, but as a means to the realization of personality, with all the suffering and sacrifice that it involves, we should be better prepared to reap its full rewards.

COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

I believe it is Mr. H. G. Wells who observes that the greatest enemy of marriage is the inconvenience of two people living together. This may be true of exceptional people, or men who are much "around the house"—as a writer necessarily is. Miss Fannie Hurst has solved the problem. She and her husband, Mr. Jacques Danielson, the singer, live in separate apartments in New York. They 'phone each other daily, dine together when they want to, do not appear automatically at one another's parties. A friend telephoned to Mr. Danielson once to ask him to join his theatre party. "Sorry," responded Miss Hurst's husband, "My wife has a dinner party and has just 'phoned that she wants an extra man, so I'm dated."

Mr. Alfred Lunt and his wife, Miss Lynn Fontanne, adopt the same technique. They have three flats in New York. Miss Fontanne lives in the top one, Mr. Lunt in the bottom one; and when they are *en famille* they occupy the centre one.

It will be noticed, however, that these excellent arrangements require something even rarer than

intelligence; they need money. A whole volume could be written on the money factor in love; and it would come as a great shock and sadness to the "love in a cottage" school.

C. PATRICK THOMPSON

Marriages are not made in Heaven, they have to be made and re-made day by day, and week by week over a very long period of years. There is always something to be altered, some new adjustment to be made in ourselves, and for all except the very lazy this is a great adventure and very good fun.

After all, if you think of any successful business which you know, you will see that it would be impossible for that business to be as it is if there were not a constant checking up of the various details of its management; if old ideas were not scrapped and new ones brought in, and if there were not, in fact, an idea of constant growth and development. That also is the secret of successful marriage.

"A Doctor" in the *Listener*

To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition.

DR. JOHNSON

I know one husband and wife who, whatever the official reasons given to the Court for the break-up of their marriage, were really divorced because the husband believed that nobody ought to read while he was talking, and the wife that nobody ought to talk while she was reading.



To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition

Actually, this contradictory view of an apparently trifling rule of social behaviour represented two completely opposite sets of interests, two fundamentally incompatible ideas of the best way to live. No marriage based upon them could have hoped to survive, since matrimonial happiness really depends, not upon rigid physical fidelity and the academic upholding of a narrow code of morality, but upon a mental loyalty of the mind and spirit, and a measure of co-operation which is only possible when both parties are in agreement with regard to the kind of life that they wish to lead.

VERA BRITAIN

Often, when I watch the thousands of husbands returning home after a long, and probably dull, because so repetitious day, spent in an office or warehouse, I wonder there are so many unbroken homes.

Yet there is rarely an alternative to going home, except taking the wife to the theatre or the pictures. But maybe he doesn't want to return home that evening or take his wife anywhere. He just wants to be free and alone. But few women will believe that there is anything less in that mood than an evening's "drinking" or another woman.

RICHARD KING

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

When I first saw my wife, she was seventeen years old, and I was within about a month of twenty-one. She was the daughter of a sergeant of artillery, and I was the sergeant-major of a regiment of foot, both stationed in forts near the city of St. John, in the province of New Brunswick. I sat in the same room with her for about an hour, in company with others, and I made up my mind that she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful is certain; but I saw in her what I deemed marks of that sobriety of conduct of which I have said so much, and which has been by far the greatest blessing of my life. It was now dead of winter, and, of course, the snow several feet deep on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit, when I had done my morning's writing, to go out at break of day to take a walk on a hill at the foot of which our barracks lay. In about three mornings after I had first seen her, I had, by an invitation to break-fast with me, got up two young men to join me in my walk; and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light, but she was out on the snow, scrubbing out a washing-tub. "That's the girl for me," said I, when we had got out of her hearing. One of these young men came to England soon afterwards; and he, who keeps an inn in Yorkshire, came over to Preston, at the time of the election, to verify whether I were the same man. When he found that I was, he appeared surprised; but what was his surprise when I told him that those tall young men

whom he saw around me were the sons of that pretty little girl that he and I saw scrubbing out the washing-tub on the snow in New Brunswick at daybreak in the morning!

From the day that I first spoke to her, I never had a thought of her ever being the wife of any other man more than I had a thought of her being transformed into a chest of drawers; and I formed my resolution at once, to marry her as soon as we could get permission, and to get out of the army as soon as I could. So that this matter was at once settled as firmly as if written in the book of fate.

From COBBETT's *Advice to Young Men*

That man, I think, knew something about it who said: "that a happy marriage might be arranged between a blind wife and a deaf husband."

MONTAIGNE

If a man love an ill-favoured woman, he loves her to distraction; for he loves her either by a strange weakness in himself or because she has charms, more secret and invincible, than those of beauty.

LA BRUYÈRE

Marriage is the beginning and end of all culture: it civilizes the savage and gives the most cultured the best opportunity of displaying their delicacy. It must be indissoluble, for it brings so much happiness

that any exceptional unhappiness it may bring with it are, when weighed in the scales against the happiness, of no account.

GOETHE

The Wiltshire shepherd said: "When I was a young man and walking out with a girl, if I saw a hedgehog I always ended up by breaking off with her. I tried killing them but it made no difference. Now when I was courting my wife, I didn't see one. Isn't that a curious thing? I wonder if hedgehogs be lucky or unlucky?"

From The Countryman

From Dr. Wetherell's he went to visit Mr. Sackville Parker, the bookseller; and when he returned to us, gave the following account of his visit, saying, "I have been to see my old friend, Sack. Parker; I find he has married his maid; he has done right. She had lived with him many years in great confidence, and they had mingled minds; I do not think he could have found any wife that would have made him so happy."

From BOSWELL'S Life of Johnson

Statistical evidence indicates that similarity of traits influences matrimonial selection. A man likes a woman who thinks on most subjects as he does—which may help explain why so many marriages are dull. Even on physical traits it is doubtful if one seeks

opposites as often as is popularly believed. In the long run, men are unwilling to marry women whose appearance would make the combination too conspicuous. This shows in the reluctance of men to marry women taller than themselves. When one does see a little shrimp of a man with an oversized wife, the chances are that she is above average cleverness. She had to be fairly shrewd to overcome his natural prejudice against looking as if he had been dragged to the altar by superior physical force. Probably he, too, is above average intelligence or he wouldn't have risen above fear of ridicule.

FRED C. KELLY

When the romantic movement was still in its first fervour, it was a common matter of debate whether people should marry for love or for money. The young people concerned usually favoured love, and their parents usually favoured money.

In these days of psychology the matter no longer looks so simple as it did eighty years ago. We realize now that money may be the cause, or part of the cause, of quite genuine love.

A great deal of affection is based upon the fact that its object is a help in realizing the purposes of the person who feels it. Men in whom ambition is the leading passion, are likely to love women who assist them in their career, and it would be very shallow psychology to suppose that the love is not real because it has its instinctive root in self-interest.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

He observed, a principal source of erroneous judgment was viewing things partially and only on *one side*; as for instance, *fortune-hunters* when they contemplated the fortunes *singly* and *separately*, it was a dazzling and tempting object; but when they came to possess the wives and their fortunes *together*, they began to suspect they had not made quite so good a bargain.

BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*

NEW USE FOR HUSBANDS

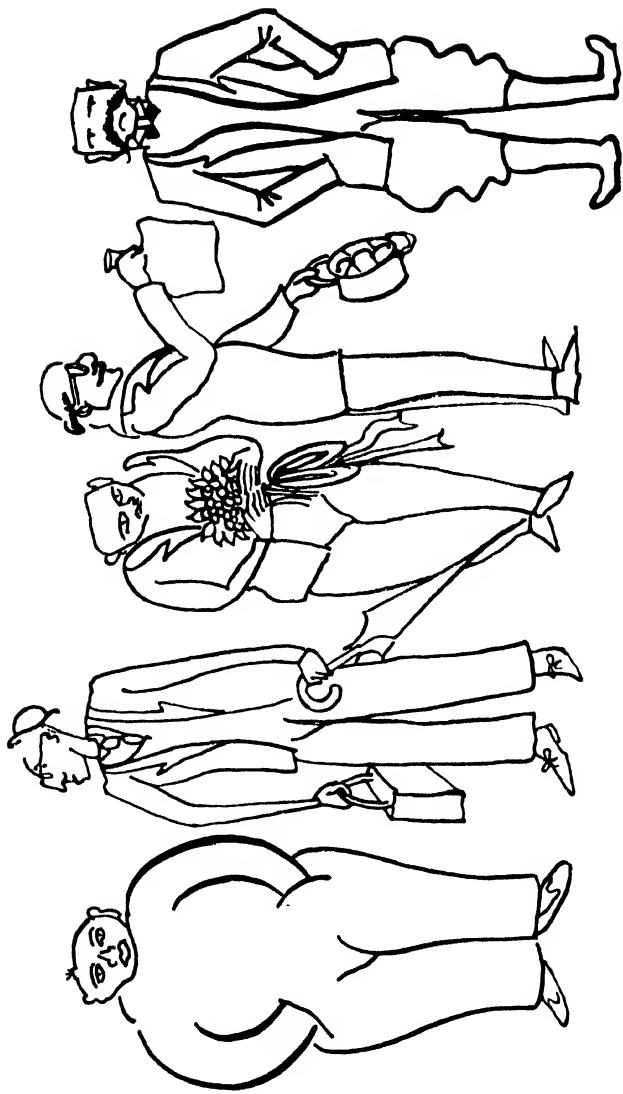
There you are, you see, quite simple. If you cannot have your dear husband for a comfort and a delight, for a breadwinner and a cross-patch, for a sofa, chair, or a hot-water bottle, one can use him as a Cross to be Borne.

STEVIE SMITH

The principal argument of all adversaries of marriage is the fact that it proposes to tie and fix something that is by nature fickle, and that it deprives both man and woman of the chance of a more romantic future.

It is, moreover, a current opinion with many people that marriage lessens the courage and spiritual value of a man and often makes him lose his serenity of spirit.

Shelley, Bernard Shaw, and many others, maintain that marriage is a chain preventing the continual renewal of desire and pleasure. In other words, they seem to think that free love is preferable to marriage.



*For a comfort and a delight, for a breadwinner and cross-patch, for a sofa, chair or a bot-water bottle
one can use him as a Cross to be Borne*

We reply with a question : are those who adopt this other method happier than the married ones?

The arguments in favour of marriage must be stronger than those against it, if alone of all institutions it has survived all the historical, religious and economic upheavals in the course of millenniums. Shelley himself was married twice and the former polygamous countries, like Turkey, have gone over to monogamy.

ANDRÉ MAUROIS

Dum licet et loris passim potes ire solutis,

Elige cui dicas, "Tu mihi sola places."

Haec tibi non tenues veniet delapsa per auras;

Quaerenda est oculis apta puella tuis.

OVID (*Ars Amatoria*)

If you can't be happy with one woman, *a fortiori*,
you can't be happy with three.

My love in her attire doth show her wit,
It doth so well become her;
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For winter, spring and summer.

No beauty she doth miss
When all her robes are on;
But Beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.

EARLY LOVE IN RETROSPECT

I wonder if that pair of gloves
I won of you you'll ever pay me!
I wonder if our early loves
Were wise or foolish, cousin Amy?

I wonder if our childish tiff
Now seems to you, like me, a blunder!
I wonder if you wonder if
I ever wonder if you wonder.

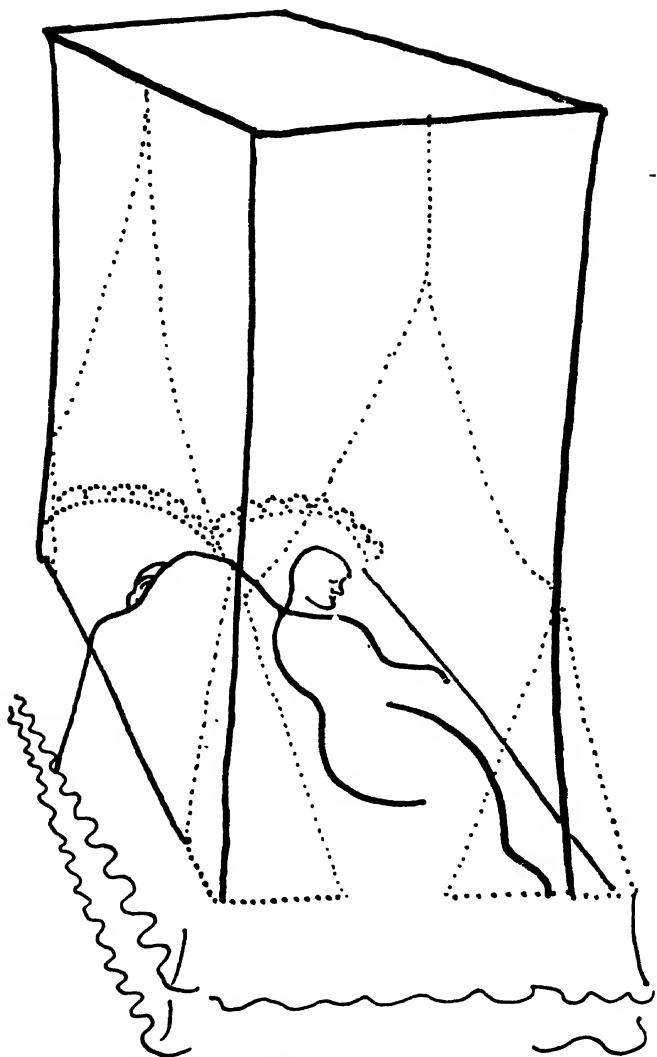
H. D. TRAILL

TIFFS, QUARRELS AND DIVORCE

When any disputes arose between our married acquaintance, however, Dr. Johnson always sided with the husband, whom (he said) the woman had probably provoked so often, she scarce knew when or how she had disobliged him first. Women (says Dr. Johnson) give great offence by a contemptuous spirit of non-compliance on petty occasions. The man calls his wife to talk with him in the shade, and she feels a strange desire just at that time to sit in the sun; he offers to read her a play, or sing her a song, and she calls the children in to disturb them, or advises him to seize that opportunity of settling the family accounts.

MRS. PIOZZI

At night my wife and I did fall out about the dog's being put down in the cellar, which I had a



At night my wife and I did fall out .

mind to have done because of his fouling the house, and I would have my will; and so we went to bed and lay all night in a quarrel.

SAMUEL PEPYS

“The only reason I argued with my wife is that she is my wife.”

Man at Highgate Police Court

Negro wife (to husband who is trying to patch up a quarrel by a gift of flowers): “Lissen, good fo’ nuthin’! All I wants from yo’ is distance!”

ANY WIFE TO ANY HUSBAND

Only the woman who knows the cares of wedlock by experience knows what I endure.

SOPHOCLES

SAD WORK

A deadly dull day. To have to make love without feeling a particle is sad work, and sad and serious did I find it.

HENRY EDWARD FOX (*Journal*)

A SHREWISH WIFE

This morne, my wife began, after her old manner, to braule and revile mee for wishing to wear such apparell as was decent and comely, and accused mee for treading on her sore foote, with curses and othes; which to my knowledge I touched not.

CAPTAIN ADAM EYRE (1647)

I lately vowed, but 'twas in haste,
That I no more would court
The joys which seem when they are past
As dull as they are short.

I oft to hate my mistress swear,
But soon my weakness find:
I make my oaths when she's severe
And break them when she's kind.

J. OLDMIXON

'Tis the sweetest thing in the world, I would I
had a wife saith he,

“For fain would I leave a single life
If I could get me a good wife.”

Heigh-ho for a husband, cries she, a bad husband,
nay, the worst that ever was is better than none:
O blissful marriage, O most welcome marriage, and
happy are they that are so coupled: we do earnestly
seek it, and are never well till we have effected it.
But with what fate? like those birds in the Emblem,
that fed about a cage, so long as they could fly away
at their pleasure liked well of it; but when they were
taken and might not get loose, though they had the
same meat, pined away for sullenness, and would
not eat. So we commend marriage.

“So long as we are wooers, may kiss and coll at
our pleasure, nothing is so sweet, we are in heaven
as we think; but when we are once tied, and have
lost our liberty, marriage is an hell,” “give me my

yellow hose again”: a mouse in a trap lives as merrily, we are in a purgatory some of us, if not hell itself.

THOMAS BURTON

VIA VICTI

’Tis done; I yield; adieu, thou cruel fair!

Adieu, the averted face, the ungracious check!

I go to die, to finish all my care,

To hang—To hang?—Yes,—round another’s neck.

LEIGH HUNT

My experience of rows with women is to get them to say the first words first, and then, by no chance, ever say a thing they expect you to.

FREDERICK LONSDALE

“Once, when I was in the North of Ireland, I went into a room and found Mrs. Wesley foaming with fury. Her husband was on the floor, where she had been trailing him by the hair of his head; and she herself was still holding in her hand venerable locks which she had plucked up by the roots. I felt as if I could have knocked the soul out of her.”

(From an account given by one of John Wesley’s preachers)

Have a row with your wife or miss your usual train in the morning, and notice the effect on your game of golf.

ARCHIE COMPSTON

"CUI BONO?"

A labourer in Covent Garden Market had been working hard shifting crates of vegetables on a roasting summer day. His clothes dripped with perspiration.

"Blimey!" he was heard to say, as he mopped his brow, "to think that the woman as I does this for 'ates me like poison!"

Unfaithful husbands by all accounts are much more polite than faithful ones. I don't know whether their politeness makes them unfaithful, or their unfaithfulness makes them polite.

IRISH WITNESS IN COURT: "Was he faithful to me? Divil a bit. Whoy he's not aiven the fayther o' me last two children!"

Unhappy marriages are held together by adhesive intimacies.

PRINCESS ANTOINE BIBESCO

NOVEL GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE

In Massachusetts, a lady sued for divorce because her husband used her three goldfish as bait when he went fishing.

In Kansas, a wife sought a divorce because her husband would not agree to name their ten-pound twins Avoir and Dupois.

In Maryland, a wife sued for divorce because her fingers were burned in her husband's trouser pockets by a device which exploded every time his pocket-book was touched.

In Wisconsin, a wife sued for divorce because her husband made her say "Yes, sir" when he addressed her, and every time she forgot made her stand in a corner and repeat "Yes, sir," five hundred times.

From The New Yorker

CHICAGO

Mr. Carl Berg, aged 40, not only broke the eight rules which his wife laid down for him, but he also broke her nose.

That was why Mrs. Berg got a divorce on the grounds of cruelty.

The wife's rules were:

Not to leave the house without his wife's permission.

Not to be gone more than half an hour, even with his wife's consent.

Not to use his car unless she accompanied him.

To visit his mother only with his wife's permission.

To "sack" a lorry driver in his employ whom his wife disliked.

To conduct his business only from the garage of his home.

To teach his wife bookkeeping; and

To give up control of his bank account.

News Item

MEHITABEL TRIES COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE

boss i have seen mehitabel the cat
again and she has just been through
another matrimonial experience -
she said in part as follows
i am always the sap archy
always the good natured simp
always believing in the good intentions
of those deceitful tom cats
always getting married at leisure
and repenting in haste
its wrong for an artist to marry
a free spirit has gotta
live her own life
about three months ago along came a
maltese tom with a black heart and
silver bells on his neck and says
mehitabel be mine
are you abducting me percy i asks him
no said he i am offering marriage
honorable up to date
companionate marriage
listen i said if its marriage
theres a catch in it somewheres
ive been married again and again
and its been my experience
that any kind of marriage
means just one dam kitten after another
and domesticity always ruins my art
but this companionate marriage says he

is all assets and no liabilities
its something new mehitabel
be mine mehitabel and i promise
a life of open ice boxes
creamed fish and catnip
well i said wotthell kid
if its something new i will take a
chance theres a dance or two
in the old dame yet
i will try any kind of marriage once
you look like a gentleman to me percy
well archy i was wrong as usual
i wont go into details for i aint
any tabloid newspaper
but the way it worked out was i rustled
grub for that low lived bum for two
months and when the kittens came
he left me flat and he says these
offsprings dissolves the wedding
i am always the lady archy
i didnt do anything vulgar
i removed his left eye with one claw
and i says to him if i wasnt an
aristocrat id rip you
from gehenna to duodenum
the next four flusher that
says marriage to me
i may really lose my temper
trial marriage or companionate
marriage or old fashioned american

plan three meals a day marriage
with no thursdays off
they are all the same thing
marriage is marriage
and you cant laugh that curse off archy

From *Archy's Life of Mehitabel*, by DON MARQUIS

When an acquaintance was described as having been "egged on" to matrimony, Dr. Leigh observed: "Let us hope the yolk will sit lightly on him."

From *Jane Austen*, by ELIZABETH JENKINS

Vanessa began to arrive at the conclusion that a husband who added a roving disposition to a settled income was a mixed blessing. It was one thing to go to the end of the world; it was quite another thing to make oneself at home there.

SAKI

No man is safe with another's secrets, no woman with her own.

ELIZABETH MILBANKE, VISCOUNTESS MELBOURNE

The women of quieter and perhaps more gracious days did not "marry" so much as "enter into matrimony" with the assurance and confidence of a ship entering into a harbour.

LESLEY STORM

My husband is a sort of promissory note; I'm tired of meeting him.

OSCAR WILDE

Yet will you commonly object this to such as serve you and starve to win your good will: that hot love is soon cold, that the bavin¹ though it burn bright is but a blaze, that scalding water if it stand a while turneth almost to ice, that pepper though it be hot in the mouth is cold in the maw, that the faith of men though it fry in their words it freezeth in their works.

JOHN LYLY (*Euphues*)

The walk that leads up to the church was crowded almost incredibly, a prodigious mob indeed! I'm sure I trembled for the bride. Oh, what a *gauntlet* for any woman of delicacy to run! Mr. Bagg handed the bride and her company out of their coach, and then Mr. Case took her hand and led her to the church door and the bride-groom follow'd handing Mrs. Case. . . . I declare my heart ach'd to think how terrible the poor Bride's feelings must be to walk by such crowds, the occasion in itself so awful. How little does it need the addition of that frightful mob! . . . Well of all things in the world I don't suppose anything can be so dreadful as a public wedding—my stars (she added eloquently), I should never be able to support it.

FANNY BURNET

Well after about two days they did go, well it seemed like that, and there was all that *plebeian* revelry with *rice* and confetti and old *boots* and

¹ Dry waste brushwood.

everything, my dear *nobody* adores clean fun more than I do, but I do think when a girl's best friends are seeing her off into the New Life which stretches before her and everything they *might* think of something more *affectionate* to do than throw *cereals* down a girl's *back* don't you? but there it is, that's *weddings* and I suppose it's a kind of unconscious *revenge* for all the *sufferings* of the wedding-guests, well there we were, my dear, *suspended* in mid-air so to speak, at Stoke-under-the-Wallop at half-past-five in the afternoon, all the girls half-dead with ices and standing on one leg and all the men half-alive with champagne and no train till 6.15, and two *Satanical* changes at that, my dear *too* pulverizing.

A. P. HERBERT

FOOD AND DRINK

"Let us eat first," said Kerim, "for supper, in any event, is a matter of vital importance, where knowledge and truth may turn out to be a womanish whim."

C. BRANCH CABELL

You find they (the Scotch) usually arrange their dishes at dinner by the points of the compass: "Sandy, pu' the gigot of mutton to the south, and move the singet sheep's head a wee bit to the nor'-wast."

SYDNEY SMITH

"Civilization," says Robert Lynd, "as you will see from a study of the hoardings and advertisement columns, is at present almost unanimous in maintaining that salvation comes of eating more and drinking more of everything. We are told that we must eat more bread, fish, meat, fruit, vegetables, dairy produce, seaweed, and sweetmeats, and that we must drink more milk, tea, barley-water, lemon-juice, stout, beer, whisky, gin, and Empire wine. An occasional medical eccentric—a lover of contradiction for contradiction's sake—decries all this, and warns us to abstain from most of the things in which the authorities are encouraging us to over-indulge, and to be sparing in our consumption of the rest."

A BISMARCK STORY

It was on the same occasion that Bismarck entertained Goschen and the British Ambassador, Lord Odo Russell, later the first Lord Ampthill, at dinner. A dish of lampreys was served.

"Do you know what we call these?" asked Bismarck. "We call them 'nine-eyes' (*Neun-Augen*). I once ate eighty-one 'eyes' at a sitting."

"But had you no cause afterwards to regret your prowess?" asked Lord Odo.

"Ah," said Bismarck, "I have often regretted what I have eaten, but never what I have drunk."

"What?" exclaimed Lord Odo. "Have you never been the worse for your potations?"

"I did not say that I had never been the worse for

them," Bismarck retorted: "I said that I had never regretted them."

From *Down the Years*, by the RT. HON. SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

A quatre-vingt ans, je mange des huîtres tous les matins, je dîne bien, je ne soupe pas mal; on fait des héros pour un moindre mérite que le mien.

SAINT EVRÉMONT

A poor man takes more delight in an ordinary meal's meat, which he hath but seldom, than they do with all their exotic dainties and continual viands; 'tis the rarity and necessity that makes a thing acceptable and pleasant. Darius, put to flight by Alexander, drank puddle-water to quench his thirst; and it was pleasanter, he swore, than any wine or mead.

THOMAS BURTON (*The Anatomy of Melancholy*)

Water-drinkers are universally laughed at; but, it has always seemed to me that they are amongst the most welcome of guests, and that, too, though the host be by no means of a niggardly turn.

From COBBETT'S *Advice to Young Men*

THE REV. DR. OPIMIAN: Premising that this is a remarkably fine slice of salmon, there is much to be said about fish; but not in the way of misnomers. Their names are single and simple. Perch, sole, cod, eel, carp, char, skate, tench, trout, brill, bream, pike, and many others, plain monosyllables: salmon, dory,

turbot, gudgeon, lobster, whitebait, grayling, haddock, mullet, herring, oyster, sturgeon, flounder, turtle, plain dissyllables: only two trisyllables worth naming, anchovy and mackerel; unless any one should be disposed to stand up for halibut, which, for my part, I have excommunicated.

T. L. PEACOCK

"To begin wi', " I says, "a Yorkshire pudding is eaten by itsen and not mixed up wi' meat and potatoes, all in a mush. And it comes straight out o' t' ooven," I says, "straight on to t' plate. No waiting," I says, "or you'll spoil it. If you don't put it straight on to t' plate you might as well go and sole your boots with it. And another thing," I says, "you've got to have your oven hot, I do know that. Then if you've mixed right and your oven's hot, pudding 'll come out as light as a feather, crisp and brarn, just a top and a bottom, you might say, wi' none o' this custardy stuff in t' middle. Nah d'you see, Missis?" I says.

From *The Good Companions*, by J. B. PRIESTLEY

AT CHAINMAIL HALL

Proceeding to the edge of the moat, they fished up Mr. Firedamp, who had missed his way back, and tumbled in. He was drawn out, exclaiming, "that he had taken his last dose of malaria in this world."

THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT: "Tut, man; dry clothes, a

turkey's leg and rump, well devilled, and a quart of strong punch, will set all to rights."

"Wood embers," said Mr. Firedamp, when he had been accommodated with a change of clothes, "there is no antidote to malaria like the smoke of wood embers; pine embers." And he placed himself, with his mouth open, close by the fire.

THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT: "Punch, sir, punch; there is no antidote like punch."

MR. CHAINMAIL: "Well, doctor, you shall be indulged. But I shall have my wassail-bowl nevertheless."

An immense bowl of spiced wine, with roasted apples hissing on its surface, was borne into the hall by four men, followed by an empty bowl of the same dimensions, with all the materials of arrack punch, for the divine's especial brewage. He accinged himself to the task with his usual heroism; and having finished it to his entire satisfaction, reminded his host to order in the devil. . . .

After a time, the ladies, and all the females of the party, retired. The males remained on duty, with punch and wassail, and dropped off one by one into sweet forgetfulness; so that when the rising sun of December looked through the painted windows on mouldering embers and flickering lamps, the vaulted roof was echoing to a mellifluous concert of noses, from the clarionet of the waiting-boy at one end of the hall, to the double-bass of the Reverend Doctor, ringing over the empty punch-bowl, at the other.

Only the gallery is good, and above all things the cellars, where we went down and drank of much good liquor. And indeed the cellars are fine; and here my wife and I did sing to my great content.

SAMUEL PEPYS

In the record of the opinion of Dr. Baster, quoted by Dr. Johnson, we read:—

“Living oysters are endowed with the proper medicinal virtues; they nourish wonderfully, and solicit rest; for he who sups on oysters is wont on that night to sleep placidly; and the valetudinary afflicted with a weak stomach, oppressed with phlegm or bile, eight, ten or twelve raw oysters in a morning, or one hour before dinner, is more healing than any drug or mixture that the apothecary can compound.”

But Dr. Johnson was prejudiced against oysters, and even compared scalloped oysters to “children’s ears in sawdust.” Thackeray said that eating an oyster was like “swallowing a naked baby.”

HECTOR BOLITHO

WITHOUT COMMENT

She hopes to make the eating public of the country frog-conscious.

News Item

A QUESTION OF CHOICE

Did you see the will of Miss Rothschild in the papers to-day? She has left Waddesdon and its marvellous contents to our friends Jimmy and Dolly.

When one stayed there (as I have done more than once in old days) a servant used to appear in your bedroom between seven and nine in the morning. The dialogue (or ritual) was described by Raymōnd, as follows:

"Which will you have, sir—tea, coffee or chocolate?"

"Tea."

"What kind of tea, sir—China, India or Ceylon?"

"India."

"What will you take with it, sir—cream, milk or lemon?"

"Milk."

"What kind of milk, sir—Jersey, Guernsey or Alderney?"

I confess I should have been tempted to reply "Sark."

But it is a wonderful series of triplets, isn't it?

Such is (or was) "*le monde où l'on s'ennuie*."

From *Memories and Reflections*, by the late LORD OXFORD AND ASQUITH

I have no pain, dear mother, now
But, oh! I am so dry.
Connect me to a brewery,
And leave me there to die.

ANON.

FOR AND AGAINST

Enough; I sup, I wet, I humect, I moisten my gullet, I drink, and all for fear of dying; drink always and you shall never die. If I drink not I am aground,

and lost. I am stark dead without drink, and my soul ready to fly into some marsh among frogs; the soul never dwells in a dry place.

Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine.

* * *

"I wonder if you can do anything for my husband, doctor? When he doesn't feel well, he drinks, and when he drinks, he doesn't feel well."

NOTE FOR HOUSEWIVES

Cooking is an art which can only be learnt by those who like it and take an intelligent interest in it, and who are willing to devote a little time to this fascinating form of chemistry—"the chemistry of edibles" would, I think, be an appropriate definition of cooking. If only cooks could be taught to look upon it in this light, if they could but realize that there is a thrill in turning raw, unpalatable material into delectable food—and a still greater thrill in inventing a new dish, they might cease to consider cooking mere drudgery.

COUNTESS MORPHE

NEARLY AS GOOD TO READ AS TO EAT!

When you seek to express the exultation of Coronation year in the beauty of the food you give yo

guests, we will send you such dishes as these, ready to serve:

Truite Saumonée Whitehall, fresh caught from the loch, and served with the exquisite Trianon sauce as made by us from a recipe of the immortal chef of Napoleon III. Soufflé de Fraise St. James, a great bowl of fresh strawberries in Jersey cream, whipped mountain high and flavoured with liqueur and strawberries. Poulet Westminster, a milk-white Surrey chicken stuffed with pistachios and foies gras, surrounded by poussin's breasts and cornets of mousse of peach-fed ham.

After such a luncheon your guests will not depart with polite urbanities from the lips alone, but with tumbling words of adoration as from lovers on the tide of passion.

FROM A FORTNUM AND MASON Catalogue

FOOT-NOTE TO HOGMANAY

At a prolonged drinking-bout, one of the party remarked:

"What gars the Laird of Garaskadden luk sae gash?"

"Ou," says his neighbour, the Laird of Kilmar-dinny, "Garaskadden's been wi' his Maker these two hours; I saw him step awa', but I dinna like to disturb gude company."

DEAN RAMSAY

HOSPITALITY

Some hold when Hospitality died in England she gave her last groan among the yeomen of Kent. And

still at our yeoman's table you shall have as many joints as dishes—no meat disguised with strange sauces; no straggling joint of a sheep in the midst of a pasture of grass, beset with salads on every side, but solid substantial food; no servitors (more nimble with their hands than guests with their teeth) take away meat before stomachs are taken away. Here you have that which in itself is good made better by the store of it, and best by the welcome to it.

THOMAS FULLER

FOOD FAD

She has no patience with soup, says no meal should be built on a lake.

FILLING THE BLANK

The North London magistrate asked a young wife whether her husband drank.

WIFE: "No, I wish he did: it would give him something to occupy his mind."

THE LITTLE MOMENT

On a famous occasion when newspaper headline were announcing "Agreement in principle," and diplomats gathered at the Embassy to celebrate on more "constructive step," M. Paul Claudel, the French Ambassador at Washington, remarked:

"In the little moment that remains to us between

the crisis and the catastrophe, I may well offer you gentlemen a glass of champagne."

I had twelve bottles of whisky in my cellar, and my wife told me to empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink, or else—. So I said I would, and proceeded with the unpleasant task.

I withdrew the cork from the first bottle, and poured the contents down the sink, with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I extracted the cork from the second bottle and did likewise, with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I then withdrew the cork from the third bottle, and poured the whisky down the sink, with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I pulled the cork from the fourth sink, and poured the bottle down the glass, which I drank.

I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next, and drank one sink out of it, and threw the rest down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next glass, and poured the cork down the bottle and drank the glass. I pulled the next cork from my throat, and poured the sink down the bottle. Then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink and drank the pour. When I had everything emptied, I steadied the house with one hand, and counted the bottles, corks and glasses, and sinks with the other, which were twenty-nine. To be sure, I counted them again, and when they came by I had seventy-nine, and as the house

came by I counted them again, and finally, had all the houses and bottles and corks and glasses and sinks counted except one house and one bottle, which I drank.

ANON.

Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate, our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines: our rooms are filled with pyramids of china, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan: our morning's draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth: we repair our bodies by the drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. My friend Sir Andrew calls the vineyards of France our gardens; the spice-islands our hot-beds; the Persians our silk-weavers, and the Chinese our potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare necessities of life, but traffic gives us greater variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with everything that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest products of the north and south, we are free from those extremities of weather which give them birth; that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of Britain, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the tropics.

Nature seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourse and traffic among mankind, that the natives of the

several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united together by their common interest. Almost every degree produces something peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country, and the sauce in another. The fruits of Portugal are corrected by the products of Barbados: the infusion of a China plant sweetened with the pith of an Indian cane. The Philippic Islands give a flavour to our European bowels. The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of a hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth. The scarf is sent from the torrid zone, and the tippet from beneath the pole. The brocade Petticoat rises out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Indostan.

ADDISON

On one side of this end of the room was the door of a closet, wherein stood the strong beer and the wine, which never came thence but in single glasses, that being the rule of the house exactly observed, for he never exceeded in drink or permitted it. On the other side was a door into an old chapel, not used for devotion: the pulpit, as the safest place, was never wanting of a cold chine of beef, pasty of venison, gammon of bacon, or great apple pie with thick crust extremely baked. His table cost him not much, though it was very good to eat at, his sports supplying all but beef and mutton, except Friday, when he

had the best sea fish he could get, and was the day that his neighbours of best quality most visited him. He never wanted a London pudding, and always sung it in with "my part lies therein—a."

He drank a glass of wine or two at meals, very often syrup of gilliflower in his sack, and had always a tun glass without feet stood by him holding a pint of small beer, which he often stirred with a great sprig of rosemary.

THE FIRST EARL OF SHAFTESBURY

Listening to Britons dining out is like watching people play first-rate tennis with imaginary balls.

MARGARET HALSEY

Silence, after all, is a vice during eating; it is immoral because it is unhygienic.

LIN YUTANG

The first water-cure was the Flood, and it killed more than it cured.

ILLNESSES

Another man came to me about potato ground or something of the sort; and on going away he said he would have come in earlier, only he had been sitting longer than he meant with a neighbour who was ill. It was a case of scarlet fever, and I said something about infection. But he said he did not hold with

that. "What I want to know, be this—the very first person as ever had the scarlet fever, who did he catch it from?"

From *Small Talk of Wreyland*, by CECIL TORR

Goldsmith tells us, that when lovely woman stoops to folly, she has nothing to do but to die; and when she stoops to be disagreeable, it is equally to be recommended as a clearer of ill-fame. Mrs. Churchill, after being disliked at least twenty-five years, was now spoken of with compassionate allowances. In one point she was fully justified. She had never been admitted before to be seriously ill. The event acquitted her of all the fancifulness, and all the selfishness of imaginary complaints.

JANE AUSTEN

He said: "How few of his friends' houses would a man choose to be at when he is sick!"

BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*

He tells a story of a person of distinction, who assured him, that once being suddenly seized by a violent illness, instead of a consultation of physicians he immediately called a band of musicians; and their violins played so well in his inside, that his bowels became perfectly in tune, and in a few hours were harmoniously becalmed.

From *Curiosities of Literature*, by ISAAC D'ISRAELI

MONEY

All men gradually yield to the comforts of a good income.

SYDNEY SMITH

A DISTINCTION—WITH A DIFFERENCE!

You will be told by the idle and distracted that money is not the same as happiness. This is about the same as saying that a frying-pan is not the same as an omelet.

From *Hell's Bells*, by MARMADUKE DIXEY

There's nothing in this talk that two can live cheaper than one. A good wife doubles a man's expenses and doubles his happiness, and that's a pretty good investment if a fellow's got the money to invest.

G. H. LORIMER

When a number of rich women were complaining of their poverty, the only woman of moderate means present exclaimed:

"How glad I am that I am not as poor as you all feel."

LADY OXFORD AND ASQUITH

There is one Noise a Master Noise, which to some may be hackneyed, to others harsh, to others mean-

ingless, to others dull, to others tuneless, but to me exquisite, soothing, rare and never-too-often-to-be-repeated: the noise (forgive my quaint frenzy) of great fat cheques being ripped violently from their moorings and presented unawares to poor men. "Match me," as the Don sang, but referring to a rose-red city of the East:

"Match me such marvel, whether East or West,
So full of blooming ecstasy and zest."

I have done.

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

OVERHEARD

"I can't understand why my bank manager should be so heartless. After all, I do buy my cheques from him."

THE HOUSEHOLD BUDGET

A Budget is a method of worrying before you spend instead of afterwards.

Never marry a poor girl who's been raised like a rich one. She's simply traded the virtues of the poor for the vices of the rich without going long on their good points. To marry for money or to marry without money is a crime. There's no real objection to marrying a woman with a fortune, but there is to marrying a fortune with a woman. . . .

While you are at it, there's nothing like picking out a good-looking wife, because even the hand-

somest woman looks homely sometimes, and so you get a little variety; but a homely one can only look worse than usual. Beauty is only skin deep, but that's deep enough to satisfy any reasonable man.

G. H. LORIMER

It is the merest cant to despise riches, and the scope they confer and yet there are few of us who have it not in their power to live richer and fuller lives than any of those much-envied individuals, who, in the process of achieving colossal bank balances have dulled their sensibilities, forfeited their leisure, and not only lost their own souls, but even their capacity for feeling the loss. Those who can see the world in a wild flower, see more of it than those who circle it in the fashion christened *de luxe*.

Let experience decide how often, in point of fact, money can be cashed for its equivalent of pleasure. One of the most ironic commentaries on human nature is afforded by the spectacle of men and women, with everything at their command that life has to give, engaged in a perpetual, feverish struggle to kill the time that weighs so heavily on their spirits. The records of what has been so aptly named the social treadmill are those of people pursuing a conventional and exhausting routine of such utter inanity that almost any other lot, except one of actual physical privation, would appear preferable to a person of intelligence. The motives that impel wealthy people

to take the only conceivable way of reducing themselves to poverty, by heroic feats of gambling, would repay more study than they have received.

ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFÖRD

There are but two objects in marriage, love or money. If you marry for love, you will certainly have some very happy days, and probably many very uneasy ones; if for money, you will have no happy days and probably no uneasy ones.

LORD CHESTERFIELD

“THE DAILY ROUND”

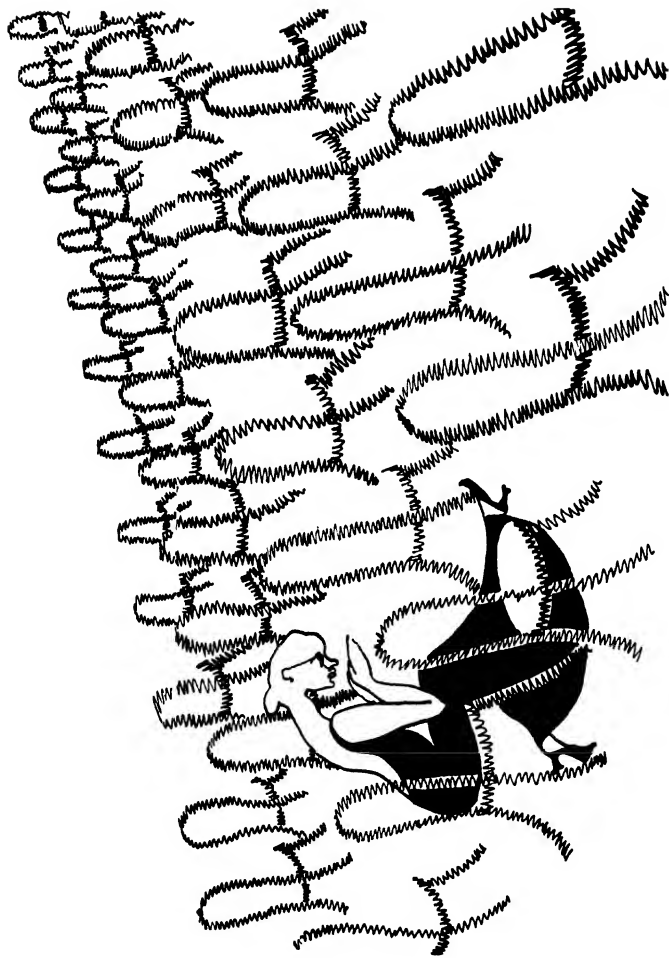
Dear to us ever is the banquet, and the harp, and the dance, and changes of raiment, and the warm bath, and love, and sleep.

HOMER (*Odyssey*)

AWAKING PERSONS

In whatever state the brain may be, it is always wrong to use sudden noises to arouse a sleeper. A gentle or rough shake with the hand is always a safe and better means; or the application of burnt feather or hartshorn to the nostrils may be adopted where the sleep is particularly heavy; but shouting in the ear should never on any account be resorted to, except in cases of coma or apoplexy.

From an old newspaper



In whatever state the brain may be, it is always wrong to use sudden noises to

SOCIABILITY

“A man,” said he, “must have a very good opinion of himself, when he asks people to leave their own fireside, and encounter such a day as this, for the sake of coming to see him. He must think himself a most agreeable fellow; I could not do such a thing. It is the greatest absurdity—actually snowing at this moment!—The folly of not allowing people to be comfortable at home—and the folly of people’s not staying comfortably at home when they can! If we were obliged to go out such an evening as this, by any call of duty or business, what a hardship we should deem it;—and here are we, probably with rather thinner clothing than usual, setting forward voluntarily, without excuse, in defiance of the voice of nature, which tells man, in every thing given to his view or his feelings, to stay at home himself, and keep all under shelter that he can—here are we, setting forward to spend five dull hours in another man’s house, with nothing to say or to hear that was not said and heard yesterday, and may not be said and heard again tomorrow. Going in dismal weather, to return probably in worse; four horses and four servants taken out for nothing but to convey five idle, shivering creatures into colder rooms and worse company than they might have had at home.”

JANE AUSTEN

I would with pleasure give one of my fingers to

get him¹ back his wife, which is more than most widowers would give to get back their own.

MACAULAY (*Letters*)

A. R. P.

LINES TO AN ANTI-ARPIST

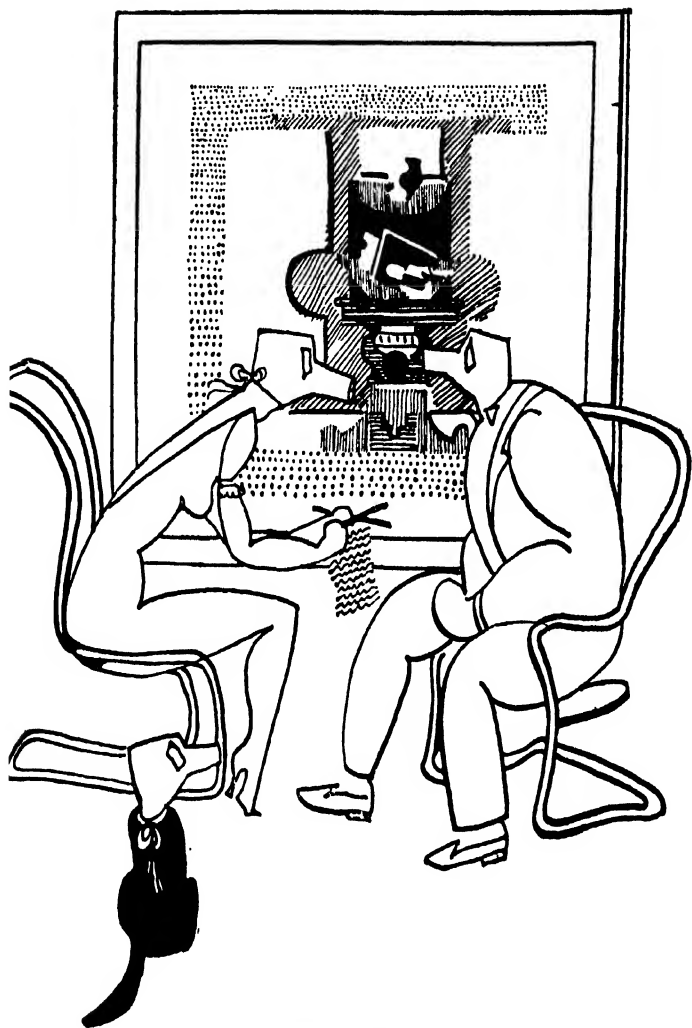
Do not cavil, do not carp
At the latest game of ARP.
Precious moments do not waste,
Go, procure a pot of paste.
Arm yourself against attacks
Stop up holes and fill up cracks.
Air your gas mask in the sun,
Clear your cellar, clean your gun.
Carry lots of food below.
Don't forget the radio.
Bed and blankets, easy chair.
Pictures, if the walls look bare.
Then in comfort you may lie,
While the aeroplanes go by
And postpone your wings and harp
By the simple game of ARP.

ANON.

CHILDREN

The joyes of *Parents* are Secret: And so are their Griefes, and Feares: They cannot utter the one; Nor they will not utter the other. *Children* sweeten

¹ Ellis.



Easy chair. Pictures, if the walls look bare

Labours; But they make Misfortunes more bitter;
They increase the Cares of Life; but they mitigate the
Remembrance of Death.

FRANCIS BACON

Children are horribly insecure; the life of a parent
is the life of a gambler.

SYDNEY SMITH

Take them then as yonger brethren litle babes
un-taughte, and geve them fayre wordes and pretye
proper geare, ratilles and cokbelles and gay golden
shone, and if the wantons will not learne yet, but
byte and scratch their felowes, beate not the babes
yet in no wise, but go and tel their mother.

SIR THOMAS MORE

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages
to fortune; for they are impediments to great enter-
prises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly the
best works, and of greatest merit for the public
have proceeded from the unmarried or childless
men, which both in affection and means have married
and endowed the public. Yet it were great reason
that those that have children should have the greatest
care of future times; unto which they know they
must transmit their dearest pledges.

FRANCIS BACON

INFANT PRODIGIES

I am as fond of my little niece as her father. I
pass an hour or more every day in nursing her, and

teaching her to talk. She has got as far as Ba, Pa, and Ma; which, as she is not yet eight months old, we consider as proofs of genius little inferior to that of Shakespeare or Sir Isaac Newton.

MACAULAY (Letters)

They were so constantly used to eat and drink what was given them, that when any of them was ill, there was no difficulty in making them take the most unpleasant medicine; for they durst not refuse it, though some of them would presently throw it up. This I mention to show, that a person may be taught to take any thing, though it be never so much against his stomach.

SUSANNA WESLEY

Endeavouring to make children prematurely wise is useless labour. Suppose they have more knowledge at five or six years old than other children, what use can be made of it? It will be lost before it is wanted, and the waste of so much time and labour of the teacher can never be repaid. Too much is expected from precocity, and too little performed.

DR. JOHNSON

THE POPULATION QUESTION AGAIN

COUNCILLOR (discussing the Medical Officer of Health's Statistical Report): "If this goes on, Mr. Mayor, we shall soon be extinct in this Borough—and the males will be extinct sooner than the females."

THE SERVANT PROBLEM THROUGH THE CENTURIES

For know that most often they do not want to bargain, but they want to get to work without any bargain having been made and they say gently, "Milord, it is nothing—there is no need—you will pay me well and I shall be content with what you think fit." And if Master John take them thus, when the work is finished they will say, "Sir, there was more to do than I thought, there was this and that to do, and here and there," and they will not take what is given them and will break out into shouting and angry words . . . and will spread abroad evil reports concerning you, which is worst of all."

The Menagier of Paris (A.D. 1392)

Servantes be not so dilygent as thei were wonto bee.

JANE STONOR (in a letter to her husband *circa* A.D. 1470)

There was no servant problem in Tudor England.

So far from service being considered derogatory, even men and women of gentle birth were only too anxious to find a post on the staffs of the great households. When a master cook, with a huge staff under him, was satisfied with wages of £3 6s. 8d. per year, and when a woman housekeeper and three other female servants could all be hired for less than £1 per quarter, it was natural that the personnel of

the wealthy Elizabethan home should reach large proportions.

CUMBERLAND CLARKE, in *Shakespeare and Home Life*

Mary quarrelled wth her m^{ris} and is to goe away.
Ye L^d provide us wth good serv^{ts}.

HENRY NEWCOMBE (A.D. 1661)

When you have done a Fault, be always pert and insolent, and behave yourself as if you were the injured Person; this will immediately put your Master or Lady off their Mettle.

SWIFT

Never come till you have been called three or four Times; for none but Dogs will come at the first Whistle: And when the Master calls (*Who's there?*) no Servant is bound to come; for (*Who's there*) is no Body's name.

SWIFT

If your Master calls you by Name, and you happen to answer at the fourth Call, you need not hurry yourself; and if you be chidden for staying, you may lawfully say, you came no sooner, because you did not know what you were called for.

SWIFT

Always lock up a Cat in the Closet where you keep your *China* Plates, for fear the Mice may steal in and break them.

When you find that you cannot get Dinner ready at the Time appointed, put the Clock back, and then it may be ready to a Minute.

In no other century but our own was so much time and energy expended in complaining about the servants. Nor were complaints confined to the women; bachelors and husbands alike wrote indignant letters to the press; while to a literary hack in search of a subject the wickedness of servants was an unfailing blessing. These laments were surprisingly modern in tone; wages were too high and yet went on rising, maids were perpetually changing their places and if you dared so much as to correct them they departed; there being, as one of them told Defoe, more places than parish churches in England. In addition to these sins, since the women did not wear uniform, maids dressed themselves as fine as their mistresses, spending all their money upon their backs instead of saving providently for old age so as to escape the poor-house. Nor was it always easy to obtain good servants in the country. In 1771 Mrs. Delany wrote to a friend, "I doubt very much whether you will get a servant that has been used to London that will sit down quietly in the country; there seems to be a universal dissipation of manners from the highest to the lowest, and the cook I gave an account of, who was a most desirable servant, said she could not live in the country, it was so

melancholy," while Mrs. Purefoy, as her letters show, found a chronic difficulty in getting and keeping maids. Moreover, footmen and livery servants gave endless trouble, not only to their masters but to the public at large; they were saucy and insolent in the streets, they made a rowdy element at the theatre, they lounged outside the Houses of Parliament, making rude comments on the passers-by, and above all they demanded scandalous "vails," or tips, from their master's guests.

From Johnson's England

"Meantime, you must do me a favour. You must enquire me a Housekeeper such as you *know* will suit us; a good country housewife, who can salt Bacon, cure Hams, see also to the baking, etc., and be an active manager of and for a dozen troublesome servants; in a word, *Abbiss* without her faults. The London women of this profession hate to leave the Capital; I should hope better from a rough inhabitant of Bristol or Liverpool, where the people keep good houses, and good order in their houses, and give excellent dinners, be the times scarce or plentiful. . . .

"Adieu, my kind friend, and do look me out a servant such as I have described; the torment these people cause me here at such a distance is intolerable; fetching and carrying them is as expensive as can be, and then the others won't live with them—and there is no end of them worrying one. Ask your good Mother if she knows one likely to do."

MRS. HESTER PIOZZI (Johnson's Mrs. Thrale)

I like the account in Clarence Day's *Life with Father* of how, when the family was suddenly left without a cook, father burst into a Registry Office, entered, regardless of the manager's protests, the room where the maids were waiting, took a swift glance round, and pointing his cane at one girl said "I'll take that one."

"I don't know why you make such a fuss about engaging new servants. It's simple enough," he said comfortably to mother that evening.

Margaret, the maid he selected, stayed with the Day family for twenty-six years, and proved to be a pillar of the household.

I like, too, this characteristic passage:

"Long after Margaret died, father was speaking one night of how good her things always had tasted.

"'I wish she could hear you,' said mother. She smiled tenderly at the thought of that gallant and dear little figure. 'If anybody ever was sure of going to heaven,' she added, 'I know it was Margaret.'

"This struck father as a recommendation of the place. He took a sip of cognac and said casually: 'I'll look her up when I get there. I'll have her take care of me.'

"Mother started to say something, but checked herself.

"'What's the matter?' he asked.

"'Well, Clare, dear,' said mother, 'Margaret must be in some special part of heaven, she was so good.

You'd be very fortunate, Clare, to get to the same part as Margaret.'

"'Hah!' father said, suddenly scowling, 'I'll make a devil of a row if I don't.' "

When domestic servants are treated as human beings, it is not worth while to keep them.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

CONCLUDING MISCELLANY

"Does your husband talk in his sleep?"

"No, doctor, he only smiles—the wretch!"

Walking down an alley close to St. Paul's Cathedral Sydney Smith heard two women abusing each other from opposite windows, and remarked: "They will never agree, for they argue from different premises."

COUNTRY CRITERION

"You're a lucky man to have such a beautiful woman for a wife," said the visitor to the countryman.

"O Lor, Miss," was the reply. "I never took notice of that. Can she cook and will she grumble? is what I arst meself."

The Countryman

WISECRACKS FROM THE "TALKIES"

SHE: Are you sure your wife will not mind your taking me out?

HE: You'd better be careful of my wife. She's already killed five ladies and one platinum blonde.

From *Exclusive Story*

Do you believe in love at first sight?

Waal, I don't know, but it must save a lot of time.

From *Klondyke Annie*

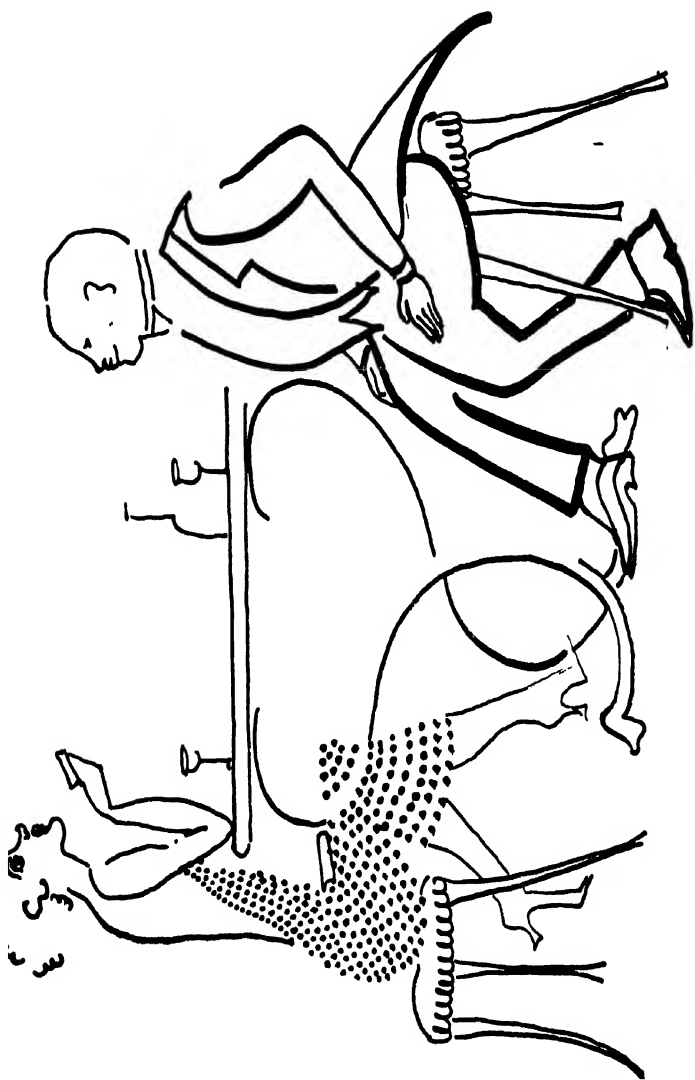
Before I tell a woman that I love her, I always rattle six times like a snake.

NOEL COWARD (in *The Scoundrel*)

DR. JOHNSON ON MARRIAGE:

A gentleman who had been very unhappy in marriage married again immediately after his wife died: Johnson said it was "the triumph of hope over experience."

He observed that a man of sense and education should meet a suitable companion in a wife. "It was a miserable thing when the conversation could only be such as, whether the mutton should be boiled or roasted, and probably a dispute about that." At another time he said, "Suppose a wife to be of a studious or argumentative turn, it would be very troublesome; for instance, if a woman should continually dwell upon the subject of the Arian heresy." When, however, a gentleman was afraid of the



superiority of talents of a lady whom he admired, "Sir, you need not be afraid," replied Johnson, "marry her. Before a year goes about, you'll find that reason much weaker, and that wit not so bright."

It does not much signify whom one marries, as one is sure to find next morning that it was someone else.

SAMUEL ROGERS

Of all actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people; yet, of all actions of our life, 'tis most meddled with by other people.

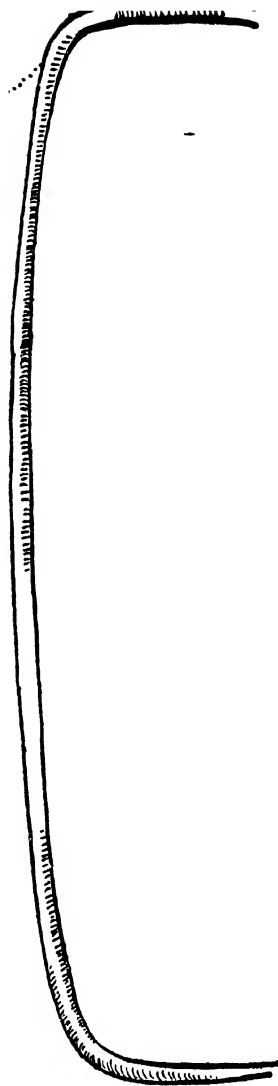
JOHN SELDEN

Marriage is a desperate thing: the frogs in Aesop were extreme wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well because they could not get out again.

IBID

The chief impression left, however, is that the medieval housewife was engaged in a constant warfare against fleas. One of the *Menagier's* infallible rules for keeping a husband happy at home is to give him a good fire in the winter and keep his bed free from fleas in the summer.

From *Medieval People*, by EILEEN POWER



Sure to find next morning it was someone else

"TILL I DIE"

. . . Only our love hath no decay;
This no tomorrow hath, nor yesterday:
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

JOHN DONNE

Uxor vivamus ut viximus et teneamus
nomina quae primo sumpsimus in thalamo;
nec ferat ulla dies, ut commutemur in aevo,
quin tibi sim iuvenis tuque puella mihi.

AUSONIUS (to his wife)

"SIC TRANSIT . . ."

Mankind are poor, transitory things: one day in life, and the next turned to ashes. Therefore manage this minute wisely and part with it cheerfully; and like a ripe fruit, when you drop, make your acknowledgments to the tree that bore you.

MARCUS AURELIUS

The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say,
The oldest hath borne most; we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

SHAKESPEARE (*King Lear*)

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